The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent.

THE GREAT NECESSITY.

BY HENRY WILSON.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE is evidently the goal to which the nation is tending. The Fifteenth Amendment will receive the sanction of a sufficient number of the states, and will soon become an article of the Constitution. There are also indications of a growing interest in the matter of Woman's Suffrage, and it may not be long before she will have the ballot. With the African and woman enfranchised, the step is not a long one, as compared with the immense strides already taken, to include both the Chinese and the Indian (especially if the President's benign policy toward the latter can be made successful) in the same category. Such at least seems to be the *drift* of things; and that without much if any specific and organized effort for such a consummation. Like emancipation, it seems to be one of the logical sequences of the war—coming unbidden, the one as a military and the other as a political and social necessity; many voting for it and accepting it as something rather of a providential than human purpose. Indeed, it seems destined soon to become an accomplished fact, independent alike of any desire or apprehension concerning it.

The main and the most practical question now is, "What are you going to do about it?" So large an infusion into the body politic must change very materially its character, and modify very much our interest in it and our obligations toward it. The enjoyment and bestowment of political rights are anything but a mere sentiment. They are something more and other than a simple boon, to be bestowed as a favor or welcomed as a privilege. It involves grave dangers and serious responsibilities, both to those who receive and the nation that confers it. Argument seems hardly needful for the support of such an allegation. However earnestly men may have sought or labored for it, and however strong their conviction of its necessity, the most sanguine must admit that with the prerogative of voting there should be preparation for its faithful and intelligent use. In theory the people are sovereign, and the voters are rulers. If, now, in the primitive state of society of Old Testament times, when both its duties and its dangers were comparatively few and simple, it was necessary, as the Scriptures declare, that rulers should be "just," "able," should "fear God," and be "men of truth," etc.; then how much more important that the "sovereigns" of this government should possess like qualifications! With so many important, profound, and difficult subjects constantly coming up for adjudication and decision, embarrassed too by the conflicting interests and claims of persons and parties, how essential is it that they should be both mentally and morally prepared for an honest and wise choice of the men and measures which receive their suffrages and support. With every precaution, we are liable to mistakes, and often have occasion to appreciate the force of the inspired proverb, that "great men are not always wise." How shall the multitude be saved from constant errors of judgment and conduct? At all times such an inquiry would be pertinent; but much more so now that the war has left or entailed upon us so many practical and perilous problems which somebody must solve and settle.

It has been very prettily and poetically said of the vote:

"The weapon firmly set,
And better than a bayonet—
A weapon which comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
But executes the freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God."

But then there must be a "will"—and, what is of more importance, a will at once intelligent and reasonable. But how can the voter have such a will on the many great and confessedly difficult questions at issue unless he be prepared in some degree to entertain and comprehend them? The South needs reconstruction, it is said; but is there not need of a good deal of reconstruction at the North? How are these new and difficult questions to be disposed of by this enlarged constituency? We have no king, no governing class, whose prerogative it is to dispose of such questions of state. The wave of revolution which swept over the land has borne away not only slavery and caste, with their kindred abominations; but, from the South at least, a class of men who, with all their faults, and they were many and grievous, were "able" and experienced in the details of public affairs—men whom Gov. Andrew characterized as the "natural leaders of the South."

"Born to command," "making politics a trade," it is not to be concealed that they brought to the public service much practical skill, which is missed now that they are gone. True, they were disloyal, and "treason should be made odious," if the traitor's life be spared. Ignorant loyalty is better than intelligent disloyalty. And yet the state needs something better than "ignorant loyalty"; and the question is still ringing in our ears, "What are you going to do about it?" How and by whom are these "practical and perilous problems" to be solved and settled?

The reply that occurs to most minds is found in the fact that the country is divided into parties to which voters will attach themselves, "vote the regular ticket," and thus support the men and measures which the party of their choice shall dictate. But it is a serious question (if a man can fulfill his whole duty by becoming a part of a party machine, by simply registering with his vote the edicts of party leaders, and "going it blind" for whatever receives the party endorsement), How shall he know which party to join? This is a question he must answer. And here he may make the fatal mistake of his political life, that shall vitiate all the rest; or, joining the mercenaries, he may become "like the loose ballast of a vessel, always shifting and always on the wrong side." How then shall he decide this first and pregnant question? Can his "instinct" be trusted, as some trust the freedmen, to "know their friends" and vote as they dictate? Once or twice, this year and the next, this may suffice. But can the nation repose safely on a basis no more substantial and reliable? Can a nation or a party rest secure on a foundation into which this merely instinctive element thus largely enters? Then, again, do they occupy the true position who, distrusting man, place their sole trust in God, and conclude that he will save the people from their own mistakes, and supply the lack of human wisdom by divine? Though all which the most devout believer in Providence may claim be granted, and though, with Franklin, in the convention for framing the Constitution, it is felt that "except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it," is it any better than presumption to calculate on the Divine guidance and interposition in national affairs until faithful use be made of such secondary agencies and instrumentalities as lie within our reach? True, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong; and, after all is done that human sagacity and faithfulness may suggest, the Divine blessing is needful for success. Still the general rule remains that "God helps them who help themselves." When Napoleon declared that "God is on the side of the heavy battalions," and when Cromwell counseled his troops to "trust in God and keep their powder dry," they gave utterance to a sentiment that every citizen of this Republic should deeply ponder, as he looks forward to the possibilities of the future, estimates its dangers, and seeks for means needful to avert them.

The great necessity of the hour is POPULAR EDUCATION. The people must be educated. Nor is an education of the schools all that is needed, though that is essential. An education of the heart and body, as well as of the intellect, is necessary before the people can be completely prepared for the exigences of their position, for the dangers they may encounter, for the duties they must discharge. There must be not only the "sound mind in the sound body"; but the *conscience*, so lamentably wanting now, must be cultivated and restored, if possible, to its rightful supremacy. There should be not only the knowledge of books, but what Locke terms "the roundabout common sense" of every-day life.

And this is the duty of the hour. The war destroyed chattelhood. Under its rough handling caste and privilege lost very much of *prestige* and power; while those hereditary and aristocratic distinctions and spirit that maintained their ground in American society from the first, are disappearing, and the republican element becoming more and more apparent. Man as man is becoming the dominant idea; while the masses, whatever their present condition, are to be made the fit and trusted sovereigns of the state. To this work, then, patriotism, prudence, and the great law of self-preservation prompt, as well as philanthropy and Christian benevolence. They are to be the rulers of the nation. How important they should be prepared to rule well!

There are millions of freedmen who have grown up in an atmosphere of mental and moral darkness that "could be felt," under laws forbidding letters, and making it a penal offense to teach them; there are millions too of poor whites who were kept in ignorance by the same dominating class, and used as their tools in the great rebellion; and there are also millions of foreigners, with their numbers increased by the weekly addition of thousands, reared under aristocratic institutions, and away from the priceless blessings of the common school. The education of these increasing millions is the great necessity. By such appliances as a wise and earnest purpose can devise and employ, that should be the national aim and watchword.

To span the continent with a railway, to thread the dark recesses of the ocean with the electric cable, to carve states in a day from our vast Western territory, are grand conceptions and memorable achievements. But they bear small comparison with the mightier enterprise of educating these millions to enjoy and maintain the institutions of civil and religious liberty.

THE READY-TO-HALTS.

BY H. H.

MR. READY-TO-HALT must have been the most exasperating pilgrim that Great Heart ever dragged over the road to the Celestial City. Mr. Feeble Mind was bad enough; but genuine weakness and organic incapacity appeal all the while to charity and sympathy. If people really cannot walk, they must be carried. Everybody sees that; and all strong people are, or ought to be, ready to lift babies and cripples. There are plenty of such in every parish. The Feeble Minds are unfortunately predisposed to intermarry; and our schools are overrun with the little masters and misses Feeble Mind. But, heavy as they are (and they are apt to be fat), they are precious and pleasant friends and neighbors in comparison with the Ready-to-Halts.

The Ready-to-Halts are never ready for anything else. They can walk as well as anybody else, if they only would; but they are never quite sure on which road they had better go. Great Hearts have to go back, and go back, to look them up. They are found standing still, helpless and bewildered, on all sorts of absurd side-paths, which lead nowhere; and they never will confess, either, that they needed help. They always think they are doing what they call "making up their mind." But, whichever way they make it, they wish they had made it the other; so they unmake it directly. And by this time the crisis of the first hour which they lost has become complicated with that of the second hour, for which they are in no wise ready; and so the hours stumble on, one after another—the day is only a tangle of ineffective cross purposes. Hundreds of such days drift on with their sad burden of wasted time. Year after year their lives fall of growth, of delight, of blessing to others. Opportunity's great golden doors, which never stay long open for any man, have always just swung to when they reach the threshold of a deed; and it is hard, very hard to see why it it would not have been better for them if they had never been born.

But, after all, it is not right to be impatient with them; for, in nine cases out of ten, they are no more responsible for their mental limp than the poor Chinese woman is for her feeble feet. From their infancy up to what in our comic caricature words we call "maturity" they have been bandaged. How should their muscles be good for anything? From the day when we give, and take, and arrange the baby's playthings for him, hour by hour, without ever setting before him to choose one of two and give up the other, to the day when we take it upon ourselves to decide whether he shall be an engineer or a lawyer, we persist in doing for him the work which he should do for himself. This is because we love him more than we love our own lives. Oh! if love could but have its eyes opened and see! If we were not blind, we should know that whenever a child decides for himself, deliberately, and without bias from others, any question, however small, he has had just so many minutes of mental gymnastics—just so much strengthening of the one faculty on whose health and firmness his success in life will depend more than upon any other thing.

So many people do not know the difference between obstinacy and clear-headed firmness of will that it is hardly safe to say much in praise or blame of either without expressly stating that you do not mean the other. They are as unlike as digestion and indigestion, and one would suppose could not be much more easily confounded; but it is constantly done. It has not yet ceased to be said among fathers and mothers that it is necessary to "break the will" of children, and it has not yet ceased to be seen in the land that men by virtue of simple obstinacy are called men of strong character. The truth is that the stronger, better-trained will a man has the less obstinate he will be. Will is of reason; obstinacy of temper. What have they in common?

For want of strong will kingdoms and souls have been lost. Without it there is no kingdom for any man—no, not even in his own soul. It is not enough then that we do not "break" this grand power, this one attribute of all we possess which is most God-like, since by it, we say, under his laws, as he says creating those laws, "So far and no further." It is not enough that we do not "break" it. It should be strengthened, developed, trained. And, as the good teacher of gymnastics gives his beginners light weights to lift and swing, so should we bring to the children small points to decide; to the very little children, very little points. "Will you have the apple, or the orange? You cannot have both. Choose; but after you have chosen you cannot change." "Will you have the horseback ride to-day, or the opera to-morrow night? You can have but one."

Every day, many times a day, a child should decide for himself points involving pros and cons—substantial ones too. Let him even decide unwisely, and take the consequences; that too is good for him. No amount of Blackstone can give such idea of law as a month of prison. Tell him as much as you please of what you know on both sides; but compel him to decide, and also compel him not to be too long about it. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" is a text good for every morning.

If men and women had in their childhood such training of their wills as this, we should not see so many putting their hands to the plough and looking back, and "not fit for the kingdom of heaven." Nor for any kingdom of earth, either, unless it be for the wicked little kingdom of the Prince of Monaco, where there are but two things to be done—gamble, or drown yourself.

THREE DAYS WITH THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

KENNETT, CHESTER CO., PA., June 6th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

I WRITE you from Arcadia. I look out over wide fields of ripening wheat, to a landscape of meadow, hills, and native woods, spreading wide and open beneath a June sky, bearing above it other landscapes of piling cloud and sweeping shadow. It is hard to realize that miles of blistering brick and the roar of city streets are less than two hours away. Here is stillness and peace. Here is spiritual freedom. Here is room. We may love the crowd; but if we stay in it long enough it chafes and hurts us. Human beings are so aggressive that they are continually pushing across each other's orbits. The sharp edges of their idiosyncracies strike together, jarring and wounding, often without wearing a single colliding angle into smoothness. In the simple give-and-take of human society such conflicting forces often so act and react upon us that we have to struggle for the possession of our own soul, for the power to be what God made us. To live your true life in his sight, to be *yourself*, is often quite sufficient to worry somebody, to offend somebody, or else to make somebody worry and trouble you. You are in their way, or they are in yours. They want not only what is their own, but what is yours also. In the narrow arc of life within which you are shut there is not room. Herein lies half the charm of the country; it gives you space. In its elastic airs the sense of human repression rises and rolls off; in its ever-opening areas the soul expands into a consciousness of exultant spiritual freedom. When the nerves ache with repelling human contacts, when the brain aches with over-thoughts, when the heart aches for that which is not, then it is that we feel through every pulse most nearly the touch of God's healing through the beauty of his creation. It is then that Nature says: "O child of the world, be still and receptive. Take in the balsam of my pines, the honey of my roses, the music of my birds, the blessing of my airs. Eat strawberries and cream, eat sweet bread and sweeter butter, drink buttermilk, if you like it, and you shall be greatly helped if not healed of all the world's hurts."

Chester is the garden county of Pennsylvania. Every acre reflects the wealth of thrift, intelligence, and a generous soil. Its brick farm-houses, hung with vines, brightened with roses, stand back on their wide lawns, sheltered by trees which have drawn into their boughs the life of centuries. It was settled chiefly by Quakers, and some of its families still hold the title-deeds to their farms which their ancestors received from the hands of William Penn. What a blessing it would be to the world if all housekeepers could catch the charm of these Quaker homes, whose exquisite cleanliness *is* a portion of their godliness! Our daily surroundings do so much to make us, or to unmake us. Then what a consciousness of purity comes to one from these white flowing curtains; from these snowy beds, sweet with lavender and rosemary; from these bountiful tables, with their food so deliciously cooked, so delicately served, in all of which there is poetry as well as purity, which elevates "housekeeping" to its true standard of a fine art. Then these Quaker women—there is a charm in their personal presence, a perfume of character floating around them, which cannot be caught and sent to you on paper. How self-contained, how self-poised, how intelligent, yet how modest they are! We cross oceans to find great cities and monuments of art. I would take a longer journey any time to meet a great soul. Amid the distorted and meager developments of character which meet us everywhere as the results of false and artificial life, what so refreshing as to come spontaneously in contact with a great nature, great in utter simplicity and sincerity. Here in this pastoral region I have met such an one—a grave, grand woman, who, setting the seal of silence on her own deep life, gathers and bears in her great sympathies the profoundest life of other souls. It would be difficult to find *just* such a woman anywhere out of Quakerland. There cannot be a higher development of womanhood than we find in an educated, thoughtful Quaker woman, nor one more unique. While people of all creeds and opinions combine to admire the Quaker woman, it is well enough to remember that it is among the Friends alone that the caste of sex does not intrude to mar the spirit of Christ's Gospel. The spirit of God, stirring the heart of the Quaker woman, breaks in inspiration from her lips; and, as she stands a soul amid other souls in the place of public worship, no human arrogance, sheathed in the mail of apostolic law, rebukes and silences her gentle wisdom. If she is a woman to be loved, she is, beyond all, a soul to be honored. You see the influence of this recognition and reverence alike in her character and in her home. Where is the home more sweetly kept? Where else in the world do we find women, as a class, so calmly womanly, so gently wise?

The country road is all astir with vehicles, going to the yearly meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood. I supposed Longwood to be a village, and find that it is only a meeting-house. A small meeting-house, too, to send so loud and certain a sound across the land every year. For seventeen years the Progressive Friends have held their yearly meeting in this house, to bring in their "testimonies" for every good word and work. In this year's "call" to their "conference" we have in epitome the entire purpose of their assembling together. It says: "The friends of human progress, irrespective of sect or creed, are cordially invited to attend, and to take such part in the proceedings as their own sense of propriety and duty may require. The Progressive Friends are seeking, according to the light that is in them, to realize the benefits of religious association and human fellowship upon a basis of perfect freedom of opinion for every individual. They meet together, not for the purpose of wrangling about doctrines and forms which have no vital relation to character, and which too often absorb the attention of religious bodies, but to seek and adopt the best means for improving the condition of society and for promoting and extending the principles of Justice, Freedom, and Fraternity. The duty of society to the poor, the ignorant, the oppressed, and the criminal classes; the claims of women to equal civil, political, and religious rights; the relations of poverty and wealth, capital and labor—these, and such as these, are the topics likely to engage their most earnest attention."

Thus, while the meeting closed with a sermon and religious services on the Sabbath, with a single exception, the meetings during the week were devoted to testimonies and discussions on the leading subjects of the day. Oliver Johnson presented a testimony entitled "Our Country," which was adopted without debate. Then came a testimony on "Crime and Criminals," from the pen of Theodore Tilton, which, after some discussion, was adopted. On the second day, from the business committee, Lucy Stone presented a testimony on Woman Suffrage, which was supported in powerful argument by her husband, Mr. Blackwell, as well as by herself, in one of her most earnest and inimitable addresses. Lucy Stone has lost nothing of her early charm, nor of her early power; both have increased with the added force of wider experience and deeper feeling. The secret by which she holds and carries an audience with her lies in the fact that every word she utters comes from the profoundest conviction of her mind and the deepest feeling of her heart. She not only means every word she utters; she feels it through every fiber of her soul, and there is always a moral magnetism in such speech that cannot be measured. Then there is a glow of happiness on her face, a charm of womanliness in her presence, a truth and gentleness in her slightest acts, which are very forceful allies even to her most extreme opinions. People are forced to believe that she is a defender of her faith from no petty personal hurt, from no individual misery, but from principle and a wide philanthropy. And the presence of her husband, Mr. Blackwell, a strong and earnest thinker—who, without echoing the opinions of his wife, yet supports all her ultimate conclusions—must add at least to her personal influence. People are sure that here is a happy woman advocating woman's rights. For it is impossible to see this husband and wife together, and not know that they live in equal compact, true helpmates and friends as well as lovers; and, knowing this, all people honor them accordingly, whatever they may think of their opinions. If more of the public advocates of woman suffrage were personally Lucy Stones, how much swifter would be the progress of woman's higher emancipation from personal selfishness and littleness, how much nearer her complete recognition by man as his true, equal, and dearest friend; even in her very *unlikeness* to himself holding him to her side in the equal bond of wedded completeness.

Testimonies on Temperance, Peace, In Memoriam, Religion were duly read, discussed, and adopted. The Progressive Friends find the sum of all religion to consist in the words of Jesus: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself; for upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." And in the words of James: "This is true religion and undefiled—to visit the widow and the fatherless, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

No part of the "meeting" was pleasanter than the noon "Communion," under the trees, where friends and neighbors for miles around, with visitors from afar, met at one common board to exchange kind greetings and to partake of the wondrous chickens and butter and other good things for which Chester County is famous. Bayard Taylor's many friends in this land and in others would admire him all the more could they have seen him here chatting and eating with the old friends of his boyhood and youth. It was not the author of genius, not the citizen of the world; but Bayard Taylor of Kennett, among the friends and neighbors endeared to him by life-long association. The little child, the hard-worked father and mother, the aged woman and man, received from him alike the same affectionate, hearty greeting, without ostentation or pretense, just as if he had never left them to learn a larger experience than often falls to the lot of man. How sincere and deep is his affection he has proved by coming back, after having learned all races and climes, to make the home of his manhood in this idyllic region of his birth. "Cedarcroft," scarcely two miles away, is a spacious and graceful villa, built of brick, with a stately turret, standing on a sunny slope, shut away from the country road by a wood of native trees. Here, amid books and nature and art, amid his household gods, with the "Mistress of Cedarcroft," the wife so preeminently suited to be his companion and friend, Mr. Taylor has already entered upon an era of recompense which rarely comes to a self-made man of letters in the prime of his years. No amount of outside adverse criticism could ever destroy the happy impression I received of him as a true man, amid his friends at Kennett and in his own home. Although not by membership a Progressive Friend, Mr. Taylor declares himself to be "a friend to other men," and accordingly delivered a carefully-written address to the "Friends" in Longwood meeting-house, on Saturday afternoon. Nominally an address on Progress and Reform, it was in reality a vindication of his own ideas of personal life and discipline. These differ from the "testimonies" of Longwood, as the conclusions of a world-wide traveler, of the keenest observation and the widest experience, would be likely to differ from the theories of an unworldly folk, who in their untested innocence know very little of actual tug and tussle with "the world, the flesh, and the devil." It was a powerful defense of the sanctity of individuality, of a man's sacred right to himself. "I believe in the sacred right to myself!" These words impressed me doubly as the very ones uttered by Lucy Stone that morning at a breakfast-table, miles away. "All I want individually," said the sweet-voiced little woman, "*is the sacred right to myself.*" Differing utterly on special subjects, it was proved, after all, that in their human nature "Bayard" and "Lucy" demanded precisely the same thing. How soon will all discordant relations between the sexes be adjusted when men and women alike are willing to recognize and reverence this *oneness of human nature* in each other, which, above and beyond sex or mortal condition, each alike receives from God; this something highest in us all, through which we must continue to exist when the transient penalties of our human state shall be no more.

The only fault I feel inclined to find with men is that they are not willing, as men, to acknowledge and honor in woman the instinct of human liberty, which is as inherent in her being as in theirs, for which on their own behalf they make all sacrifice and all demand. M. C. A.

A RAY INTO A DARK ROOM.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

"LIKE Jacob of old, I am forced to say, *All things are against me.* Since my beloved husband died, a short month ago, my only son has become crippled. I am confined to my room with sickness; and my only daughter, a noble, unselfish creature, is well nigh worn out in taking care of us. My faith is terribly staggered. When I attempt to say *Thy will be done*, it sticks in my throat. Does not God sometimes make mistakes? Send me a word of comfort, if you can; and, as some others may be as low down in the 'dark valley' as myself, send it for them and for me through THE INDEPENDENT. I can read a little when propped up by a pillow."

So writes a genuine sufferer, over whom the billows of trial have rolled fearfully. But to the question she asks so frankly there can be but one answer from the Christian's Bible and from the Christian's heart: "No! God never blunders! He doeth *all* things well." And, if God took us behind the screen, and showed us all the whys and wherefores of his strange and mysterious providences, where were the need of our faith? We should walk by sight, as perhaps the angels do. God says to your bleeding, fainting heart, *Trust me;* and you virtually reply, Yes, I will trust just as far as I can see, and no further. You demand that your Heavenly Father shall explain to you every step he takes; but his reply is, "Be still, my child, and know that I am God."

I am glad that you quoted Jacob's pitiful complaint, "All these things are against me." Will you please to tell me whether it was *against* Jacob that his favorite boy Joseph had been taken from him to become prime minister of Egypt? Was it against him that Benjamin was carried off, in order to return laden with munificent bounties? Did God make a mistake when he tried the patriarch's faith, and taught him sweet lessons by bitter experiences? Jacob long ago found out that *he* was the one who was mistaken; and these things which God doeth you know not now, but you shall know hereafter. A century hence, who will be right, you or God?

Your whole difficulty arises from the very finitude of our minds. We see but the merest fragment of God's plan, and then go off and condemn the whole. This is very much as if we were to pronounce on the merits of the entire Astor Library from reading a single line in the first volume we took down from the shelves. We judge selfishly of God's doings—condemning even a June shower, if our own cornfield happens to need dry weather. We judge God childishly—finding fault with the tapestries of his providence before they are *finished* in his loom. We judge from wrong points of view. While you in your sick-room can see only the dark side, the *under* side of this providential cloud, I doubt not that your departed and glorified husband may, already, from the heavenly hights, be gazing on the *upper* or celestial side in its overwhelming brightness. Our judgments are false because they are finite. "Who can, by searching, find out God?" Now we know but in part; but *then* shall we know even as also we are known. Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face. What you call a *spot on the sun* of God's wisdom is only a spot on the glass you look through, or else a diseased spot in your poor eyes. If you will take Paul's spy-glass, and look into the clear upper sky, you will read this glorious signal: "*All* things work together for *good* to them which love God." See to it that the Devil does not sour your love of God into unbelief, or turn the sweet tenderness of your first love into gall.

What babes and bantlings we are! Only spelling out the alphabet in God's infant school, and yet aspiring to a seat in his cabinet! Better shall we understand these chapters of divine providence when the light of heaven falls on the pages. Then we may discover that beneath the page we labeled *Accidents* the hand of God had written "The lot is cast into the lap; but the disposing thereof is of the Lord." At the head of the page we had surrounded with black lines, and inscribed *Obituaries*, a divine finger had written, with ink which eternity will make legible, "*Whom I love I chasten.*" Beneath your noble husband's name, perhaps, if you look closely, you may detect this line, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Open the shutter of your dark chamber, and let these three ineffable rays beam in: God is perfect in *knowledge;* he knows what is best for you. God is perfect in *power;* he is able to do what is best for you. God is *love*, and the heavens will fall before he harms a hair of his children's heads. Now put these three rays together, and they form this blessed pencil of light: *He hath done all things* WELL!

"To have each day the things I wish,
Lord! seemeth best to me!
But not to have some things I wish,
Lord! seemeth best to Thee.

"Henceforth then let Thy will be done!
Though mine, O God, be crossed;
'Tis good to see my place o'erthrown,
Myself in Thee all lost!"

MENTAL FORCE.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D.

THERE is a quality in human nature, or perhaps a combination of qualities, which we are accustomed to designate as mental force. It marks the man of power, and to a large extent explains his history. It is that *in* him which is the source of what proceeds from him.

This force evidently does not consist merely in the presence of good ideas, or the possession of good feelings, since many men have both, without anything like a proportionate degree of force. Their ideas and feelings never connect themselves with any effective displays of human power. They are feeble men, easily discouraged and easily jostled from their course.

What, then, is this force? Its most characteristic feature is expressed by the term DECISION, by which we mean a resolute and determined *purpose*—a concentrated, earnest, and energetic WILL, prompt in action, fixed in position, and intensely impulsive and persistent in execution. Those who have been distinguished as men of great force have given unmistakable evidence of a corresponding strength of will. This is their radical element. Add to this large comprehension, and also a set of circumstances suitable to task and develop their whole power, and such men are quite sure to make their mark upon the world.

The *body* as the physical organism of action, when placed under the government of such a commander, is worth four times as much as it would be if crippled and enfeebled by a languid and lifeless will. It will be made to do all it can do. The *intellectual* powers will be strung up to a high degree of tension, finding their luxury in the tasks of life, and demanding those tasks to keep them contented and quiet. *Faith* in one's self, combined with self-reliance, and originality, and inventiveness in the modes of action, qualifies the man of force to confront and overcome difficulties. He does not frighten his capacities or debilitate his energies with the timidities of doubt. He has real *pluck*. He can "fight it out on this line all summer." He never croaks over possible failure, and never expects it. Success is his watchword. *Cannot* is a term not to be found in his mental lexicography. *I can and I will*—these are the words most natural to his lips.

History abundantly testifies to the immense power of such men in the social system. Others feel her presence, and borrow from them a large part of their inspiration. Who are the persons that start and regulate the movements of human society; turn the currents of public opinion; stimulate the enterprise and wake up the activity of others; project and perseveringly pursue needed reforms among men; and, in fact, carry the world upon their shoulders? Who are the men that are felt on earth as a living force in human affairs? Who are the actors that bring to pass great results, and in critical periods embody the whole philosophy of an epoch in their own personal history? They are not simply your men of mere thought—your *library* men, who know how to spout Greek and Latin; but they are men of intense executive power—that kind of power which gives social life and activity to their thoughts. This is their distinctive characteristic. Their ideas are *working* ideas, and they are always sure to make them work. He who has this power *in* him has a grand outfit for the practical business of life. His intellectual capacities may be comparatively moderate; yet he will make them do their best, and angels can do no more.

General Grant—the illustrious conqueror of the late rebellion, the soldier who never lost a battle—has risen to his present position and influence not simply because his ideas were superior to those of all other men, but because behind his ideas, and giving effect to them, there was a mighty *will*. The fibers of his soul are made of steel—elastic, close-grained, and enduring. His judgment and his courage present that proportionate equilibrium which, as Napoleon says, forms the essential quality of the great general. The famous ride of Sheridan plucked victory from defeat, and made the hero immortal. President Lincoln, though amiable and benevolent in the temper of his heart, nevertheless had a firmness and steadiness of will that just fitted him to be the Nation's President in the season of her greatest peril. He was a great worker, "sound to the very core, patient, cheerful, hopeful, persistent, all right for labor and liking nothing so well." The energy and absolute trueness of his mind furnished the strong right arm through which the Nation wielded her power. God be praised for the gift of such a man at such a time! Wilberforce—that man of moral force—smote down the slave trade with the earnest and persistent blows of a mighty mind. Martin Luther was cast in the same mold; and hence he boldly confronted the Papacy in an age of iniquity and darkness. Paul—the apostle and the Christian—trod the earth as a moral giant, strong in the intense inspiration of his own soul. Sincere in his convictions and fearless in action, he became the great preacher and the great defender of Christianity in its early struggle.

These, and a thousand other examples, show that success, alike in things temporal and things spiritual, is in part a question of *force*. Fortune ordinarily favors the men who supply the requisite conditions. Human life is so constituted that force is needed every where and by every man. A common day-laborer wants a certain degree of this quality with which to drive his muscles. The young man who is just starting out in the world, and has his own future to make, must have this quality, or life will be to him a failure. The merchant must stand behind his business, and press it forward with a steady and powerful hand. The scholar must hold his powers sternly to their task. The commander of armies must have his plan, and then he must have an energy of will commensurate with the plan. The reformer must be strong in himself, or he will never properly do his work. The Christian, alike in the culture of his own heart and in his labor for others, whether acting as a preacher of the Gospel or in the most private walks of life, needs to be a man of persistent and steady will. God, indeed, has so arranged the whole system of things that this type of will is a cardinal desideratum to every man, in every sphere, and for every good purpose.

This force, though in part a gift of Nature, like all other things pertaining to humanity, is also in part a matter of discipline and culture. Men can, if they will, whip up their powers and habituate them to the law of intense action; or they can fall into the habit of a torpid and inefficient mode of life, dodging its proper work, and contenting themselves with indolence and inactivity. No mind is so badly constituted by Nature that it may not make large additions to what Nature gives. What a man is will depend not altogether upon what God made him, but in part, at least, upon what he chooses to make himself. Every one is a sort of *second* creator of his own being, building upon the first creation, and adding to its power. Gifts and their *use* united, hence, form the real measurement of each man's life—not gifts alone, but gifts improved by the addition of use. To this principle mental force is no exception. We, hence, present the following motto for the reader to reduce to practice: *Be right, and then be what you are with all your might.*

PLAIN COUNSEL FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HABITS.

BY REV. G. B. WILLCOX.

MANY a young person lives a fragmentary, random sort of life, letting his thoughts run loose and his forces go to waste. There are one or two things that he knows he means to do; one or two principles that he holds, and can give an account of. But as to this habit that is squandering his time, and that one that is making way with his money, and the other that is ruining his health, he has no more sense or idea than a sick horse has of his own symptoms. He goes through the world like a ship half-wrecked, with her canvas torn to ribbons and fluttering in the wind, her ropes running at loose ends, and nothing but the hull holding well together. His habits are formed by accident. They float back and forth on the tide of affairs. They are taken up and dropped—he hardly himself knows why.

The effect of all this it is easy enough to see. While men are bad by nature, it is with their habits as with water that you leave to take care of itself. They run down hill. They seek the lowest level. We say as much in our term "loose habits"—that is, habits which, being left at random, are on the downward grade, as a matter of course.

Now, a rational creature of God has no right to fritter away his strength or resources without knowing where they have gone. Power is only another name for duty. For whatever particle of power a man has he must answer to God. And it is his business to know how much he has, how much he has used, and what has become of it.

"But," you say, "habit must, in the very nature of it, be something unconscious. It is that which we do so often as to come to be hardly aware that we do it at all." The assertion is both true and false. For instance, a young lady practices on the piano. She first studies out the notes, and then goes over them on the keys again and again. What is she doing? Availing herself of the law of habit. Her aim is to make her fingers so used to the motions that they shall almost of themselves travel over the keyboard. She is *consciously* trying to reach a kind of *unconscious* perfection. Now, in much the same way, a man ought to take the control of his habits for high moral ends. Suppose you bring yourself into the way of thinking of Christ and heaven at leisure moments, as many a good man has, till it gets to be almost a second nature to do that, and your mind turns to it before you are aware—is that anything really unconscious, after all?

A grand privilege this is—to be making up good habits that shall, at least partly, take care of themselves. The young pianist, practicing one piece after another, gets in time a stock of them that her hands can run through as by instinct. They need reviewing now and then, it is true, to keep them fresh; but, in the main, they hold themselves in her memory. So with good habits once thoroughly formed. They become part of one's conscious moral wealth; and so much the more because we repeat them half unconsciously.

But for bad habits there is a heavier and sharper responsibility than most young people seem aware of. Men talk as if, when anything they do has set itself up as a habit, that fact alone gave it some new rights in the world—some higher standing and dignity. Now the folly of a Turk or an Arab, who persists in scratching the ground with a forked stick, instead of taking a patent plow, is wisdom compared with this. That is only stupid; this is wicked. A young man says, if we urge him to do something, or stop doing something else, "That is not in my line of things"; or, "This is my habit. I have done it for years." What of that? Do you mean to answer, when called to account in the Judgment for the neglect of some matter, "Lord, that was not my fashion"? Do you expect to find the dignity and importance of this bad habit of yours acknowledged there? See what you are confessing in this plea that a habit is upon you. You are coolly saying that you have done the bad thing so many times over that that ought to be considered in your favor! Suppose a Hindoo put on his trial for murder, and, when convicted and asked why sentence should not be passed, he answers, "It is true, your Honor, that I am guilty. But then I belong to a gang of the Thugs. I have been murdering all my life long. It's a habit we have; and your Honor certainly will not be hard with me!" Will that lighten his sentence much? And will it much help your case to plead that some darling sin has long been your practice? Now, habits are not easily changed for the better except by taking a fixed time, and from that making a start for something new. They will change for the *worse* without any trouble of this sort; you may be sure of that! There is no need of a perpendicular plunge downward. The easy incline of the slope of depravity will soon bring you to the same level. But any movement in the other direction must be not by a graded ascent, but straight upward. You cannot slowly estrange yourself from a bad habit, as a man cools toward a friend. It is altogether too fond of you for that! You must *break* loose as Sampson broke from the Philistines' cords. There must be an open issue joined, a crisis made.

A gardener goes over his grounds occasionally to cut away the suckers from his young trees. They are nothing very bad in themselves

The Independent.

THE ASSASSIN: A TALE OF JAMAICA.

BY REV. HENRY BLEBY.

During seventeen years that I spent in Jamaica, extending over one of the most eventful periods of its history, it fell to my lot to reside for several years in the St. Ann's Mountains. St. Ann's is one of the north-side parishes; and, because of its surpassing loveliness, is frequently spoken of as "The Garden of Jamaica." The designation is not, however, very well chosen, as its beautiful and varied scenery more resembles that of a widespread park than of a garden; for it is the wild, impressive grandeur of Nature that greets the eye, rather than the elegance and beauty which speak of the taste and handiwork of man. The far-stretching forests, clothed with the perennial verdure of never-ending spring; the bold ranges of mountains, burying their lofty summits in the clouds; the green slopes and deep ravines; the vast pasture-fields, waving with the luxuriant Guinea grass and studded with thousands of majestic cedars, varied by the rich orange or graceful pimento tree, exhibit scenes of enchanting interest to the traveler throughout most of this extensive parish—the garden-like scenery of which it can boast being confined to the narrow strip of land skirting the shore. Devoted to the culture of the sugar-cane, and marked here and there with the huge piles of building included in the works of the plantations, here are displayed more evident traces of human skill and toil than in that larger portion of the parish which is chiefly occupied by breeders of stock, and divided into cattle-farms or pens, as such properties are usually called, and which are largely overspread with the fragrant pimento, yielding in rich abundance the "all-spice" known to commerce.

One of the peculiarities of this part of the Island is the existence of numerous "sink-holes," which are large openings in the earth, communicating with subterraneous passages, by means of which the drainage of the towering hills—that in other parts of the island creates innumerable beautiful rivulets, forming in their aggregate considerable rivers—is borne off invisibly toward the coast; where, bursting out from their mountain caverns, large streams which have gathered in the bowels of the mountains rush to the sea, exhibiting in several instances cascades of great majesty and beauty. These "sink holes" are generally to be found deep down in some valley, the character of the ground around them plainly indicating their existence; but occasionally such openings are to be met with on more level ground, where nothing whatever gives a sign of danger, grass and brush growing over the edges of the aperture, and concealing it from observation, until the unwary victim, apprehensive of no peril, steps over the brink of the treacherous chasm, and disappears to be seen no more. One or two instances occurred during my residence in the neighborhood of sportsmen, eager in the pursuit of game, being lost in this way—dropping in a moment, in the very midst of life and enjoyment, into a deep, unfathomable grave.

In the southwestern part of the parish there is one of these openings to the subterranean passages in the mountains which possesses a kind of historical interest, and is visited by the curious as one of the lions of Jamaica. It is known as "Hutchinson's Hole," because of its association with one of those shocking tragedies which, being attended by circumstances of unusual horror, stand out prominently and permanently in the annals of crime. Near to it is the ruin of what was the residence of the individual who figured as the principal actor in the catalogue of atrocities which gave him an unenviable celebrity, and caused his name to be handed down to posterity as the designation of one of the most sanguinary monsters that ever delighted in the shedding of innocent blood. The ruin is still known as "Hutchinson's Tower."

Accompanied by a friend, I devoted a day to visiting this somewhat celebrated spot. We mounted our horses after an early breakfast, and, riding some two miles through very charming scenery, arrived at a center where several roads meet, known as the "finger-post," from the fact that an article of that description was erected there by the parish, to afford travelers useful information, long before the existence of the village which has now risen in the locality and bears the same designation. Directing our course according to the indications of this silent monitor, we set our faces in the direction of "the Pedroes." For two or three miles our road lay through uncleared forest, here and there broken in upon by the rude cottage of the negro settler, who, having after emancipation saved money sufficient to purchase a small freehold, has here set himself down with his family, in indignant independence of the planters, who, with stupid folly, equaled only by their reckless malignity, have sought, by systematic fraud and oppression, whenever opportunity offered, to avenge upon the people the crime of having received their freedom. But after a little while we ride through the open, pleasant pastures of cattle-farms, overspreading a beautiful vale, and hemmed in by mountains of considerable altitude, covered with rows of coffee trees and crowned with massive buildings, which are the coffee-works and barbecues of the plantations, and the stately mansions of the proprietors. After a ride of several miles, we arrived at Edinburgh Castle—the name given to the grazing farm to which our visit is directed.

Situated in the gorge of the mountains, which rise abruptly to a considerable hight on either hand, there is a hill whose precipitous sides seem to forbid the further advance of the traveler, until he finds that the narrow road winds around its base. At the summit, looking right down upon the road, is a ruined tower, partly concealed by the large trees which have grown up around and covered it with their branches. Further up the mountain gorge the hill gradually slopes off to a level with the road, affording easy access to the tower in that direction. Continuing our ride, and leaving the tower it may be a quarter of a mile behind us, we turn out of the road, and, passing through the adjoining field, descend into a deep hollow around which the mountains slope upward in all directions, forming a vast natural basin, rugged with numerous channels, through which in the rainy seasons the rushing waters descend to find an outlet. Down deep at the bottom of this basin, surrounded by a wall to keep the cattle out of danger, and overshadowed by the dense foliage of a large clump of cedars, we find a yawning abyss, several yards in diameter, down which the waters find their course through unseen channels to the sea. We clamber over the wall, and look down into "Hutchinson's Hole," not without a feeling akin to awe and terror, which is increased when, casting down several large stones, a considerable time elapses before a splash or rumbling sound comes back, to testify the immense depth to which they had descended before meeting with any obstruction to their fall.

About the middle of the last century the tower dignified with the name of "Edinburgh Castle" was occupied by a Scotchman named Lewis Hutchinson, who was the owner of the farm or pen on which it stood. Right across the farm stretched the narrow defile through which wound the only road that in those days afforded ordinary means of communication between the north and south sides of the country. Hutchinson had not only acquired the farm, but had also, by some means, become the owner of a sufficient number of slaves to perform all the labor the estate required; and he had stocked the farm with cattle which had strayed or had been stolen from his neighbors. He lived in the tower alone, or surrounded only by slaves brought from Africa and purchased from the slave-ships which then openly carried on the horrible traffic in stolen human beings, unchecked by public opinion, and under the full protection of the British flag. He held very little intercourse with his neighbors; for, though none suspected that he was the monster of crime he turned out to be, yet, exhibiting a morose and gloomy character, he was generally shunned, and few cared to hold any intercourse with him beyond that which the ordinary business of life rendered unavoidable. But the occupant of that lonely tower was an assassin who made a trade of murder, and luxuriated in the deliberate slaughter of his fellow-men. There was then but little communication between the two sides of the island; and that was chiefly carried on by small coasting vessels, running round the eastern or western extremities of the land. Very few persons ventured to climb the rugged sides of the mountain, which the Spaniards named "Diavola," and then wind their dreary way through the lonely wooded defiles which afforded the only means of passage by land from one coast to the other.

The terror of the journey was increased by the fact that it had been attempted by many persons who had never reached their destination or been heard of again. By what means they had perished none could guess. Whether cut off by freebooters, or carried off by maroons to their inaccessible fastnesses in the forest-covered mountains, never could be ascertained. They disappeared, leaving no trace behind; and the mystery was explained only when the atrocities of Hutchinson were brought to light. Then it transpired that they had fallen by his hand, and that the numerous travelers who, in attempting to cross over the island, had dropped out of life as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up; and residents of the neighborhood who had also mysteriously disappeared, and were supposed to have been engulphed by the treacherous sink-holes in the vicinity, had been the victims of as revolting a system of treachery and cruelty as ever cast a dark shadow upon the history of any country.

It was not necessity that drove him to the perpetration of crimes worthy of the Thugs of Hindostan, for he was wealthy; nor, although unscrupulous as to the means he employed to increase his substance, was it altogether the love of gain. Of a savage, misanthropical disposition, intensified by some real or imaginary injury inflicted upon him in his early life, he cherished a fierce, unnatural detestation of the human race, and cherished a morbid taste for blood, until the contemplation of human agony became his chief delight, and his morose and hardened soul found its highest gratification in destroying life and witnessing the flow of human blood. Murder became his study and occupation; and it was said of him, as gathered from the testimony of his most trusted slave, who survived his master many years, that, if his destined victim were infirm or sick, he carefully attended to him, and revived his strength; or, if he could behold him first in fancied security, in the convivial assembly, or perhaps in the bosom of his family, it gave him greater satisfaction to inflict the blow which cut him off, and increased his appetite to relish the expiring struggle. To enjoy the gory spectacle, he always disseverred the head from the palpitating body. His most pleasing occupation was to whet his streaming knife. His gloomy soul was sated only by a copious flow of blood. Simply to destroy life was not sufficient; and he experienced a savage delight in gloating over the writhing agony from which most men instinctively turn away their eyes. He would retain the ghastly head where it would be constantly before him; and when, through the influences of the climate, it rapidly changed, and he could no longer feast his gaze upon the decaying countenance, it was his habit to place it high in the air in the hollow trunk of a cotton tree, where the vultures could speedily strip it of the putrifying flesh. After this the whitened skull was cast down the yawning chasm into which the mangled carcase had already been thrown.

Hutchinson's slaves were made participators of his sanguinary deeds. These were Africans, procured fresh from the slave-ships, and speaking only their own language. Familiarized with cruelty and blood in their own land, and sunk in heathen ignorance, they perceived nothing criminal or unusual in these atrocious acts; and, with the submission with which slaves bow to the will of their owner, they did whatsoever he commanded, and scrupled not to take the part assigned to them by their master in helping to destroy the living or dispose of the dead. The risk from them was slight; for, as they were never suffered to be away from the farm, and knew no language but that they brought from their native wilds across the sea, they were not able, even if they felt an inclination to do so, to make any revelation concerning the character and doings of their guilty owner. But, apart from this, fear would suffice to seal their lips, as their own lives lay at his mercy; and, if it were his pleasure to cut them in fragments with the terrible cartwhip, in that secluded vale, he could do so with perfect impunity. Thus it was that for many years he carried on the practice of assassination without being discovered, or exciting any suspicion. Occasionally travelers in company would traverse the gloomy valley and call at the tower; and these, after being hospitably entertained, passed on in safety—their plurality being their protection. But no solitary traveler who attempted to thread his way through the lonely mountain-gorge, however poor or wretched he might be, was suffered to escape alive from the confines of Hutchinson's farm. The tower was so situated as completely to command the narrow road; and the murderer, or one of his slaves, kept constant watch for any passer-by who, alone and not suspecting danger, might become their prey. The needy wanderer would sometimes call at the lonely turret, the first sign of a human habitation which for many miles had greeted his eye, and solicit food and temporary shelter. And he would obtain it without grudging; but it would be the last he would ever partake of. The more wealthy traveler would halt and seek hospitality at the tower; which would be cheerfully afforded, without any idea of remuneration, and he would leave, grateful for the rough but apparently kind attentions he had received—only, however, to meet the cruel fate to which he had been silently doomed by the treacherous master of that habitation while sitting at his board in seeming friendly intercourse. From a loophole of the tower in one direction, or through a thick-set hedge of logwood prepared for the purpose on the other—and both of which perfectly commanded the narrow path—the hapless victim would be shot down with unerring aim by the assassin or his slave assistants. Sometimes, at the cattle-fold hard by the road, the master would detain in conversation a wayfarer who might be passing on without stopping at the tower, while his slave from behind the fence could leisurely take aim at the unsuspecting victim and stretch him low in death. Thus it was that, for some years, lonely travelers across the mountain-range of Jamaica continued mysteriously to disappear. Not only days, but weeks generally elapsed before they were missed by their friends. And then all inquiry was vain; all traces of them had vanished from the face of the earth.

But the most successful and protracted career of crime meets with a check at last. Some oversight, some seeming accident occurs to mar the well-planned scheme, and furnish a clue to the cleverly-concealed villainy; and the evil-doer finds in the end how true are the words of the inspired wisdom, "Be sure your sin will find you out." So it was with the assassin Hutchinson. He was suffered to run a long course of evil unchecked; but, in the operations of that Providence which is all-pervading and all-controlling, the mystery of iniquity was at length unraveled, and the blood-stained wretch stood revealed in all his terrible enormity of crime. A failure in his usual caution, an oversight committed in his eagerness to accomplish a long-meditated act of villainy, unmasked the murderer and brought his guilty career to an end.

In the same vale, but at a considerable distance, was a cattle-farm similar to his own, the manager of which—a person named Callendar—had for a considerable time been marked out for assassination by Hutchinson whenever the favorable opportunity should occur. By some offense, perhaps altogether unintentional, he had awakened against himself the inextinguishable hatred of his dangerous neighbor; who, however, concealed both his feelings and intentions deep within his own breast. Some of Hutchinson's cattle had strayed, and found their way to the property under Callendar's care, where they had committed some depredations. With neighborly kindness, the manager drove them back to their own plantation, and delivered them over to the care of their owner, requesting that they might not be suffered so to trespass again. Such an occasion was not favorable to the purposes of the murderer, accompanied, as Callendar was, by some of the slave-drovers or cattle-men belonging to the estate under his care. The visitor was hospitably entertained, and dismissed with assurances which satisfied him, gratified with the apparent cordiality which had marked the conduct of his host. The visit was returned, and the assassin spent a day in intercourse with his intended victim, which seemed to partake of the utmost friendliness. Thus a freedom of acquaintance was promoted, which promised to give the opportunity that was desired for the indulgence of the treacherous cruelty which lay hidden beneath all this show of friendship. After two or three visits had been interchanged, one day, as the unsuspecting Callendar was going to or returning from the tower, a rifle-bullet from behind the fatal hedge, fired by the hand of Hutchinson, stretched him upon the earth; and the tragedy was completed in the usual way, except that, in this case, as it might be hazardous to retain in his possession such a dangerous clue to the unfolding of the mystery which would attach to Callendar's sudden disappearance, the bleeding body, with the head still attached, was committed to the unfathomable charnel-house which had engulphed so many, and which the murderer vainly imagined would never give up its dead.

There happened to be in the tower, confined to bed by sickness, an unsuspecting traveler, who had stopped there on his journey, and who, wearied and worn out by the illness that had overtaken him on the road, had solicited the shelter and hospitality of the lone house, until he should be recovered sufficiently to pursue his journey. This had been freely accorded, and the patient was tended with such rude care as the slave-denizens of the farm, under the direction of their master, were able to afford; with the intention, on the part of the treacherous host that in due time, when the unsuspicious guest should take his departure in all confidence and security, and warmed with gratitude for the generous treatment he had received, he might gloat over the luxury of laying him low with his fatal rifle, and send him to join the numerous victims whom he had already consigned to the deep, yawning abyss close at hand. Having in some degree recovered from the fever which for many days had prostrated all his energies, and gladly risen from his couch, through the small opening that admitted light and air into the room which he had accidentally entered he became, to his inexpressible horror, an unseen witness of the assassination of the unfortunate Callendar. He had heard of the dark mystery which enshrouded the fate of numerous travelers who had ventured to cross the island by that lonely road; and here light was suddenly thrown upon it. He could now understand the reason of their inexplicable disappearance. Shocked beyond measure with what he had seen, he placed a powerful restraint upon his feelings, and let no word or sign escape concerning the tragedy that had been wrought before his eyes, but quietly waited his opportunity. As soon as his recovered strength permitted, when the owner of the tower was absent, possessing himself of a horse, and eluding all observation, he effected his escape from the fate which he felt sure awaited him, especially if his possession of the terrible secret should be for a moment suspected.

Unseen and untraced, he made his way to the nearest habitation he could find, and the alarm was given. He made known the murder of Callander as he had witnessed it from the turret, and the bearing away of the mangled body in the direction of the deep sink-hole which received the drainings of the surrounding hills. Soon the whole country was up in wild excitement; for suspicion of the truth was now awakened, and the mysterious disappearances which had for years kept up a painful interest on both sides of the island were accounted for. The murderer, on returning home in the evening, discovered the escape of his guest, whose destruction he had been brooding over for many days with savage satisfaction; and, fearing that the assassination of Callendar was known, he fled. Making his way with all possible speed across the mountains and through the tangled forests, avoiding human habitations and frequented roads, he arrived at the south coast. On reaching Old Harbor, one of the south-side ports, he took unceremonious possession of an open boat and put to sea, and succeeded in getting on board a ship which was passing the island under sail, congratulating himself on having, as he supposed, thrown off and baffled all his pursuers. But the whole country was up and in pursuit; for intelligence of the discovery which had been made spread with unexampled rapidity, aggravated instead of being lessened by the voice of rumor; and all were anxious that the assassin should be secured and brought to justice.

Some hours after the alarm had been given concerning the murder of Callendar, a strong party repaired to Edinburgh Castle to seize the criminal. Then it was discovered that he had taken the alarm and fled; but his course was traced, and it was speedily ascertained that he had boarded a passing vessel. Admiral Sir George Rodney, the hero of that Western Archipelago, happened to be lying at Port Royal with the fleet under his command; and as soon as the intelligence was conveyed to him of what had occurred in St. Ann's, and the character of the assassin, the Admiral put to sea in his own ship, and speedily overhauled the merchant vessel in which the fugitive, in fancied security, was flying to some distant shore. Intercepted in his flight, Hutchinson threw himself into the waves, seeking there the death which he now saw to be inevitable. From this, however, he was rescued by the Admiral's boats, and reserved for a more ignominious fate.

After the flight and apprehension of the murderer, search was made, and then his enormous villainy was brought to light. No less than forty-two watches were found in his chests, all of which had been plundered from the mangled bodies of the yet larger number of those who had been slaughtered; and the fact stood clearly revealed that the multitude of persons who, through successive years, had disappeared from life in passing across the country had all found a tragical end in that mountain gorge, and had been swallowed up in the depth of that abyss which was ever yawning for other victims near the murderer's turret. Information was obtained from the slaves, by means of an interpreter, as to the method by which the murdered remains were disposed of, and an attempt was made to search the dark, fearful-looking pit, by letting down a bundle of lighted straw. Far down, at the depth of many feet, suspended on the point of a projecting rock, was discovered the mangled, putrifying body of the murdered Callendar; but the depths below had more effectually received and disposed of all the other victims.

In due time Hutchinson was brought to trial for the murder of Callendar at St. Jago-de-la-Vega. After a display of hardihood and bravado seldom witnessed in a court of justice, the ruffian was convicted, and speedily suffered the last penalty of the law upon the gallows. "The enormity of his crimes," says the historian of the time, "might be exceeded by his hardened insolence before his judges; but his reckless gaze upon the instrument which was to convey him before the tribunal of his Maker finds no parallel in the history of crime or punishment; nor can the annals of human depravity equal the fact that at the foot of the scaffold he left a hundred pounds in gold to erect a monument, and to inscribe the marble with a record of his death. The document is probably still in existence at Spanish Town, written by the hand and bearing the signature of the notorious criminal, in which he expressed this extraordinary wish, a few moments only before the wretched, blood-stained soul passed into the presence of its Creator and Judge. The record he required to be placed on the tablet in these words: "Lewis Hutchinson, hanged in Spanish Town, Jamaica, on the sixteenth morning of March, in the year of his Lord, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three. Aged 40 years.

Their sentence, pride, and malice I defy.
Despise their power, and like a Roman die.

ENGLAND AND THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

Mr. Justin McCarthy addressed a meeting at the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening of last week, on the subject of the "Alabama" Claims. Mr. Theodore Tilton presided, and in a few friendly words introduced the speaker.

Mr. McCarthy said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am not sure whether I do not owe you an apology for being the means of bringing you here at this season to hear a lecture on so outworn a subject as that of England and the "Alabama" Claims—a subject, too, on which so many people better qualified to speak than I am, have been speaking or writing during the last few weeks. However, it did seem to me that it might be of some interest to you to hear a few words spoken on this subject by one who comes from England. I am no orator, as Mr. Beecher (pointing to the chairman, Mr. Tilton) but a simple account of how England felt on this subject once, and how she feels now, may assist us all here in coming to a fair conclusion as to the future of this difficult question. I am probably the only British subject now in New York who was actively engaged in English politics during the time when the events took place out of which this question arises; and I think I may claim to speak with something of impartiality, even upon questions which concern the two countries. Although I am not an American, yet I am one of those English subjects who always took a deep and close interest in American affairs; and who, especially during your war, followed the cause of the Union with an unwavering, a constant, and, I was almost going to say, a passionate sympathy. [Applause.] Although I am a British subject, I am not an Englishman; and I may, therefore, claim to be free from that prejudice which surrounds the native of almost every country, and from which it is often almost as difficult to escape as it would be for our planet to project itself out of its atmosphere. It would be almost impossible to overrate the importance of this question. Assuredly, I do not fear that it will of itself lead to war; but it would be the very blindness of optimism which could contentedly endure that such a question should remain a standing grievance, an open sore, and have no fear of any possible danger from its presence. One can easily imagine a condition of things arising—it might arise any day, or any hour—when the existence of this unsettled grievance would become the one last ingredient needed to create a great political convulsion. It is, therefore, the manifest interest of both parties in the dispute—hardly less, indeed, of those who do not directly belong to either party—that the whole controversy should be settled; not by any temporary, patched-up, sham adjustment, but by a genuine and satisfactory liquidation of all just and honorable claims. This subject divides itself naturally into two great branches. First, the question of the "Alabama" claims—that is, the claims which arise out of the escape of the "Alabama" and her course as a pirate; and then the other, and perhaps a more difficult question—that is, the question of the wrong done by England, or supposed to be done, when she conceded to the South her rights as a belligerent power. The question which I stated last ought naturally, it would seem, to come first. It is, of course, the first in point of time; and Mr. Sumner contends that it involves the other, and is indeed its fountain and origin. But I take the question of the "Alabama" in the first place, because it is the simplest. There is a naked and startling simplicity about it. The wonder is how it ever could have come to be a subject of dispute. One wonders how the future historian, looking back with all the impartiality that a century or half a century of distance gives a man, and treating of that event, will explain how it came to be a cause of dispute or doubt at all. International law is a complicated and difficult system, little qualified to give comfort or satisfaction to any one that seeks a logical connection of events. It benefits small powers in no wise; but is altogether adapted for the convenience and advantage of the great. It is very difficult to lay down any precise rules, and to say when infringement begins or does not begin. But one thing is certain. From the very nature of the case, there are certain things which cannot possibly be done by a neutral power without placing itself in the attitude of a wrong-doer; and for which, if done, it is bound, in the nature of things, to offer some satisfaction. For instance, it is clear that you cannot allow your territory to be made the basis of operations against another state with which you are supposed to be at peace, without rendering yourself liable to the heaviest responsibility. Now, what is the plain history of the "Alabama's" career? In brief, here it is. A vessel built of English materials in an English dockyard, armed with English cannon and manned by English seamen, glided into an English river and left an English port, to pour English shot and shell into the peaceful merchant vessels of the United States. Surely, if ever, in the whole history of international law, there was a grievance calling for reparation, it was that which the conduct of the English Government thus allowed to be inflicted on the American people. It is idle to say that the English Government did not know for what purpose the vessel was being built. There was no concealment whatever about the matter. Nobody affected or pretended to have any doubt about it. Every member of the government knew perfectly well that the Lairds were building a pirate ship for the Confederate rebels. I watched the whole history of this transaction somewhat closely; and I never heard, until I came to this country, that there was supposed to be the smallest doubt on the mind of any sane creature as to the purpose for which the vessel was being built.

You have all probably seen or heard of the defense written by Mr. Laird of his own conduct. For myself, I think his defense perfectly reasonable and just. He never did conceal the purpose for which that vessel was being built. When formally called on to state the actual names of his employers, he adopted the plain and simple plan of saying he would not tell; and there is perfectly obvious that the motive for building the ship was something it would not be convenient to put into writing. But the English Government knew of the fact perfectly well. Day after day it was urged upon them by some of our public men, by some of our newspapers, that this ship was being built. They were told the purpose it was being built for. They were told of persons who had gone aboard and talked with men who were engaged as seamen to sail in her. But all was unheeded. It was treated like any other business transaction carried on by Mr. Laird; and he himself regarded it in that light, and as affecting no one but himself. Mr. Laird is by no means a great political figure. To use a phrase which I have heard since I came to this country, Mr. Laird is a man who "don't amount to much." [Laughter.] I don't suppose he had much feeling upon the question; I don't suppose he cared much which side lost. I think he did naught in hate, but all in the way of business. Mr. Laird, I have no doubt, would readily have agreed to build a war-ship for Satan, if that first and greatest of all secessionists had only offered him a substantial contract. [Applause and laughter.] He belongs to a class of Liverpool business men—I dare say you have some such men in New York—one of whom frankly declared that, if he saw a practicable and profitable way of opening a trade with the infernal regions (I think he used a simpler and stronger phrase), he would be delighted to contract for a supply of brimstone. [Laughter.] Mr. Laird, in fact, concealed nothing, and everybody knew all about the matter; but the Government of England would not act. They insisted that Mr. Adams must prove his case to the full before they would take any step to bring the question to an issue. They acted as a magistrate would do if he declined to issue a warrant for the arrest of a supposed offender until a case had been made out against him sufficient to insure his conviction before a jury. When at last they did act, they moved slowly and reluctantly. Then their law adviser got a cold, or a headache, or something of the kind, and could not be bored with wearisome details; and there was a fresh delay. All this, of course, was warning enough to the "Alabama"; and at a convenient moment she went down the Mersey, amid music and rejoicing, and put to sea. I need not follow out the disastrous story of her piratical career. Why did the English Government act in this manner? Because that government, although not perhaps directly unfriendly to the North, or anxious in any positive way for the break-up of the Union, were greatly influenced by the atmosphere and the pressure of society around. Almost every man who belonged to a club, almost every man who lived in or visited the West-End houses, almost every one who had any relations with the aristocracy, from the intimate friends down to their flunkies, became the passionate partisans of the South. They had settled in their minds that the cause of the South was a fine, gentlemanly cause; and that the cause of the North was one in which a class of people who kept shops and followed other ignoble occupations were the only parties interested. Then there was a class of persons in England whom Matthew Arnold called the "Philistine" class—all that kind of people who are completely out of the sphere of reason. Now, the English Philistine had set his heart from the beginning on the success of the South; and, more than that, he was not only convinced that the Southern cause must succeed, but he had quite arranged in his mind the very results and all the issues of it.

The English Philistine had settled in what he called his mind (deciding the matter by intuition—the most easy and delightful way of settling complicated and difficult questions of foreign policy when one knew nothing about them) that the Republic was to be broken up. Probably he could not have told whether the Mississippi did or did not intersect the State of Pennsylvania, or whether or not Rocky Mountains were or were not visible from Bunker's Hill; but he had, nevertheless, settled it clearly in his own mind that the Republic was to be broken up—first into two, then into at least four or five separate republics, each of which was in the fullness of time to blossom into a monarchy, ornamented with a king after the latest European pattern. The English Government imbibed a vast deal of this spirit. Its leading members were convinced that the Union was about to be broken up, that the North would for a long time be powerless either as friend or foe, that it did not matter how it was dealt with; and so England treated America and her remonstrances as if she were dealing with a weak and broken power, which it was not worth while even to conciliate. It was one of the strange phenomena of that time that the great body of the English working population—the class which suffered most directly and heavily from the prolongation of the war—looked from first to last calmly and intelligently into the great question, understood the tremendous and glorious issues it involved, and stood firmly throughout by the cause of the Union. [Applause.] But the English Government, influenced by the opinions of those around them, made it an article of faith that the South must succeed; and therefore took no trouble to deal with strict justice in a cause of which they believed the issue to be so certain. I am satisfied that, if the chiefs of the government had had at that time the slightest idea of how the war was going to end, the "Alabama" would never have been allowed to put to sea. Now, here is a great and grievous offense, for which England manifestly owes reparation; and of which, indeed, nearly all Englishmen just before I left England had come to feel ashamed. Some of our leading statesmen fully admitted that the only question to be settled in regard to the "Alabama" was the question of the amount of damages. But on the other branch of the subject—the recognition of the belligerency of the Confederates—Mr. Sumner's speech has laid down a doctrine which England can hardly concede. For myself, accepting Mr. Sumner's acknowledgment that the question at issue is one not of opinion, but of fact, I do not see that there is any strict ground of complaint against England. Belligerent rights accrue where there is a *bellum*. A neutral state is then not bound to concede them, but is at liberty to concede them. Whenever there is actual war between two nations, a neutral power has a perfect right to concede belligerent rights to either or both; and an actual state of hostilities is the only prerequisite to the exercise of that right. Certainly none will dispute that actual hostilities did exist between the North and the South before England conceded belligerent rights to the latter. True, it cannot be regarded as a friendly act to have conceded them so soon—England might at least have waited for Mr. Adams's arrival; but as a strict right, according to international law, she was justified in its exercise the moment hostilities began. Mr. Sumner's high position gave special influence to his speech; his unlikelihood to exaggerate, his freedom from any tendency to the "spread-eagle" style of rhetoric, his friendliness toward England, his moderation and love of peace, all tended to give weight to the conviction of England that when he considered this a matter which must be settled, and concluded his strong statement with the hope that war might be avoided the American people sought not reparation for a wrong, but war at all hazards. Surely, people in England doubtless said, when this calm, peace-loving, and friendly statesman talks in this strain, it cannot be but that the heart of the less reasoning of his countrymen is set on war; and his speech is to us rather a warning to prepare for the worst than an invitation toward a pacific settlement. Therefore, it was not unnatural that the English people, inflamed by passion and panic, should declare all negotiation at an end when that speech was spoken. I admire Mr. Sumner; we in England all admire him. I have followed his career, since I was capable of appreciating the career of any public man, with something like veneration. The long and noble stand he made against slavery, the atmosphere of personal purity he has always maintained around him, the patriotic earnestness which has ever inspired him—these are the qualities which have won for him the admiration of all classes of Englishmen. But it is the very fact that he stands so high in the estimation of Englishmen which has made them believe that when Charles Sumner hopes a war may yet be averted the utterance of such a hope must have a profound and ominous significance. Now, I do not agree with Mr. Sumner on this question of the recognition of Confederate belligerency. But, if I were addressing an audience of Englishmen, I would say: "If England is in the right on this point, is that any reason why she should refuse to satisfy the demands of America by submitting the whole question, from first to last, to an impartial arbitration? Though, in refusing to submit the question of her national prerogative to arbitration, she may have the strict letter of law on her side, yet because of having justice with her should she not the more willingly submit to arbitration? Why should she draw such a strict line between the two questions, and say, 'Though in the former I may have done you wrong, in the latter I shall be my own judge.' Let her rather say, in submitting both to arbitration, 'We will let America and the world know that we hold back nothing, and if we have anywhere done a wrong we are ready to make reparation for it.'" [Applause.] There is one point on which I wish to be emphatic. Mr. Sumner makes a great mistake, and does great injustice to English public feeling, if he at all supposes that the sympathies of England were with slavery. I grant that during the war some eccentric politicians, and a small part of the British press, expressed opinions, to say the least, not in opposition to slavery. Some one or two journals timidly hinted that perhaps slavery was not so bad a thing as it had been considered. But you had a good many of the same class in your own country. I will venture to say there were twenty in favor of slavery in New York for one in England. There is a story told of the great English orator and statesman, Fox, not inappropriate here. Fox was an ardent friend of the French Revolution, and for a long time a warm admirer of Napoleon. He visited France; and in a conversation with him Napoleon strongly denounced the government of Pitt. Well, Charles James Fox was not very fond of his rival, Pitt; and he naturally agreed with much that Napoleon was saying. But at last the First Consul went on to accuse Pitt of being a patron of assassination, and of having hired assassins to attempt his, Napoleon's, life. This was too much for Fox, who with all his French sympathies had a sound English heart. Turning sharply on Napoleon, he exclaimed (and, like most English statesmen, he spoke very bad French): "*Premier Consul, ôtez ces bêtises hors de votre tête.*" (First Consul, clear all that nonsense out of your head.) [Laughter.] Now, if I had the honor of addressing Mr. Sumner, I would say to him, "Clear all that nonsense about England's sympathy with slavery out of your head." [Laughter and applause.] Indeed, I think we have had a little too much of the sentimental in this matter—too much complaint of want of sympathy. Is it really worthy of the dignity of a great nation to raise a complaint because some other state failed to appreciate its purpose and give it a generous sympathy? After all, you did not sympathize with England during the Crimean War. I have been assured on good authority that in no city outside St. Petersburgh or Moscow did the fall of Sebastopol excite more disappointment and regret than in New York. Yet England never thought of making that a cause of grave national complaint against America. When Prussia was at war with Austria, there were then in England, both among press and people, few indeed whose sympathies were with Prussia; the proportion was much smaller than that sympathizing with the United States. Some of the English journals criticised Prussia much more severely than America. England gave them bitter words, and they gave her bitter words in return; yet it was never dreamed that it would become a cause of national dispute between the two nations after the restoration of peace, or that it would ever endanger amicable relations between them. Besides, all that was really high and true in the English heart and intellect recognized from the first the justice of the Northern cause, and clung to it and cleaved to it. [Applause.] The clubs were not with you, the aristocracy was not with you, the great journals were not with you, and even our great novelists had not then discovered how much better it would be that the world should be riven by an earthquake than that the slightest misunderstanding should arise between England and America. [Laughter.] But do not forget who were on your side. As one turns aside to throw a flower on a great man's grave, let me say a word in tribute to the memory of Richard Cobden. [Applause.] He did not live to see the full and final triumph of your cause; but he lived long enough to know that the great end was surely coming which he had always foreseen and which had been one of his dearest hopes. Could I name Cobden without thinking of his great companion in arms, the noblest of all English orators, the man of whom it may be said, more truly even than it was said of Fox, that "on his burning tongue truth, peace, and freedom sang"—I mean, of course, John Bright. [Loud applause.] Had you not the sympathy of another illustrious Englishman—most marvelous compound of intellect and feeling, of chivalry and logic—the penetrating genius of Pascal and the generous heart of Fenelon—Adam Smith and Bayard, Aristotle and Petrarch in one—a man who suffuses even political economy with the warm glow of noble human sympathy—need I say that I speak of John Stuart Mill. [Applause.] I need not speak of Harriett Martineau, of Herbert Spencer, of Goldwin Smith—and perhaps I may be allowed to say a word of Goldwin Smith, because I think he has been somewhat ungenerously criticised in American newspapers. I think Goldwin Smith may well be forgiven if his English heart was somewhat aroused by the speech of Mr. Sumner, when it is remembered that in America's darkest hour he came out from his studious retirement, without fortune and under great peril, to advocate the American cause in a bitter battle lasting for years, and in beginning which he threw away the scabbard. [Applause.] I shall always be proud of having served, as the humblest and obscurest of private soldiers, of having trailed a pike or carried a musket, in the little army led by these great captains. I think

—"Gentlemen of England now abed
Should hold their manhood cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day."

Well, then, when such men as Cobden and Bright and Mill and Goldwin Smith gave the North their sympathy, when the whole mass of the English artisan population were heart and soul with the North, what did it matter if to the North were denied the sympathies of the Dundrearies of the West End, the lacqueys of Belgravia, the loungers of the clubs, the buffoons of the comic papers, the Bohemians of the pot-house, the shopkeepers of the Strand, the peddlers of the Minories, and the harlots of the Haymarket? I am convinced that America has only to wait in the spirit not of vengeance, but of confidence and good-will, and that England will before long declare herself ready to submit the whole case, from first to last, to arbitration. That is all America wants, and that I am sure will be done. If it had not been for the singularly unhappy choice of a delegate made by this country, the vexed question would have been settled long ago. But America sent over a sort of jolly Polonius, who laughed, and talked, and ate, and drank with every man and woman that asked him. "Come," said this jovial envoy, "we'll give you all you want, and you'll do the same by us, of course, and all our troubles will be ended." The English were, of course, delighted to find how easily the "Alabama" question was to be settled; and they made much of Mr. Johnson accordingly. But they were soon aroused from this fool's paradise. Mr. Sumner's speech took them completely aback; and it was but little wonder that dreamers thus roughly awakened were for awhile bewildered and incoherent. I believe that England will soon settle down to a calm, cool consideration of the question, and will herself propose terms which this country could accept without derogating from the position she now occupies. It must be remembered that great changes have taken place in Great Britain since your war. The people have obtained such an extension of the franchise as amounts almost to universal suffrage. The democratic elements are becoming stronger every day. You do not want to humiliate England, or to oblige her to make any degrading acknowledgment; you merely want such reparation as a great and high-spirited nation may consent to make. [Applause.] You have now a representative at the Court of St. James with whom England will be glad to treat on this or any other subject. He is as much appreciated and esteemed there as here. Indeed, we claim that we admired and appreciated his books in England earlier than you did here; and we think all the better of him because we believe him to have a true American heart. [Applause.] Considering all these things, remembering that the progress of democratic ideas has during the past two or three years been greater with us in England than with you here; remembering that your warmest friends, the English workingmen, who were almost wholly without direct political influence when your war was raging, and when the "Alabama" was launched, are now enfranchised citizens—is it not safe to say that you have but to wait, and that England, restored to composure and to reason, will not merely accept, but invite, an honorable settlement of all your just demands? I venture to predict that the time will soon come when the heart and conscience of England will say, as in the words of England's own poet,

"Let our disclaimings from a purposed evil
Free us so far in your most generous thoughts
That we have shot our arrow o'er the house
And hurt our brother."

[Applause.]

WOMEN AND IDIOTS.

I.

Mr. Fulton, a very zealous advocate of prohibition, is opposed to female suffrage. There was once an office-seeker in Maine who declared himself in favor of the prohibitory law, but "put himself on the record" as opposed to its enforcement. Mr. Fulton differs from him in this merely, that *he* is combating the only policy by which the Maine law will ever be enforced. Men won't do it. There are too many interests in earnest opposition to it; there is too little to be gained in politics by contending for it; and the old Platonic principle, "the world is governed too much," has taken too great a hold on the rising generation of students for enthusiasts ever to realize the hopes that they have formed in regard to it. But women, as a class, detest the manufacturers of liquor, and the whole tribe engaged in the traffic. They would make its extinction a vital issue in all state and municipal elections; and they certainly *would* insist on the enforcement of the prohibitory law, in letter and spirit, and without regard to the interests it might provoke to opposition. Rev. Gilbert Haven, editor of *Zion's Herald*, (who wouldn't be a D.D.), in a recent speech, extinguished one objection to female suffrage by a reference to this liquor question. "We are told," he said, "that women will vote as their husbands dictate; or

Our Young Folks.

THE BABY'S COMPLAINT.

I'm tossed and I'm tossed from morning till night,
One would think, I am sure, 'twas my greatest delight;
I am shaken and squeezed 'till I'm sick and I'm sore,
And whenever I cry nurse trots me the more.

I am swathed in hot blankets, and pinned up so tight
I can scarce move my limbs, though I try with my might;
The way I'm abused I do think is a sin—
How I *hate* the first man who invented a pin!

Sometimes I "scream murder" for over an hour,
Out of spite or from passion, to show them my power.
They say it's the colic, and warm catnip tea
Is voted the very best cordial for me.

With cup and with teaspoon nurse comes to my aid,
On cup and on teaspoon I make a fierce rald;
Then the dose trickles all down my white dress,
And I laugh in my sleeve at her look of distress.

"*Naughty* baby!" nurse says, and she quickly gets more,
This time she has better success than before,
Though I double my fist and make a wry face,
And strangle it down with a very bad grace.

When company comes, I am put in my crib,
Though I'd rather be dressed in "best tucker and bib,"
And go down in the parlor to hear them all say,
"What a sweet little boy! How old is he, pray?"

When nurse thinks I'm asleep, and I lie very still,
She turns down the gas. Then I scream with a will;
And I keep wide awake as long as I can,
And think of the time when I'll be a big man.

Though I'm full three months old, yet I never have been
To a party, and no other babies have seen.
I've beautiful armlets of coral and gold,
And skirts all embroidered, and dresses untold,
And a cap with the daintiest bit of a feather;
Yet I never go out in the pleasantest weather.
Was ever a baby so sad and forlorn?
I've a hundred times wished I had never been born!

E. V. S.

THE BLUEBIRD'S NEST.

BY ABBY SAGE.

THE spring beauty covered the ground as thick as snowflakes in winter. Overhead, the maple-trees were red with bursting buds. None of the trees had fairly got their spring dress out yet but the willow. She always unpacked her trunk and got out her spring leaves very early in the season, as she told the alder-bushes that morning, when they admired her fresh looks.

A pair of bluebirds, who had been one of the earliest arrivals from the South, where the whole family had been spending the winter, were looking out for a nice tree to build a nest in. They were a handsome pair of young birds, who had fallen in love with each other on the long journey together to the South in the previous autumn. But they were then too young to be married and set up housekeeping by themselves; so, while their parents approved the engagement, they had not been allowed to marry until spring. Parson Owl had just said the marriage ceremony over their heads, and now they were as happy as happy could be.

Nothing could be prettier than the nest they were building. They had such luck with it, Mrs. Blackbird said, because everything they had wanted for it had just fallen into their bills. First they had found a great wad of horsehair matted together, which had fallen out of a torn hairmattress which some one had sent to the upholsterer to be repaired. Mr. Bluebird had found it one morning at the great gate which led through a fine avenue up to a beautiful house, not very far from their tree. It was very little trouble to weave together the nest after they had so much material ready.

Then they wanted something to line it which would be soft and warm; and for two or three days Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird both had looked everywhere. One morning she came home to the tree in the greatest delight, with something soft and blue hanging from her bill. It was a piece of blue plush, although the birds did not know what to call it. When she had spread it all over the bottom of the nest, it fitted it as if it were cut out for it. She called Mr. Bluebird, who looked at it admiringly.

"Where did you get it, my dear?" he asked.

"Up near the great house, beyond the lawn," answered his little wife, perking her head on one side to note the effect of her new carpet. "I went up there and perched on an evergreen, hoping I might perhaps get a bit of down or a stray feather from some of the fowls which belong to the family. But two little girls were playing on the ground, and one of them had our nest-carpet in her hands. She had something she called a *doll*, which looked like a human creature, only much smaller, and was pinning the blue stuff over its head. All at once both little girls ran away to the other end of the garden, leaving the doll lying on the garden-path, and my beautiful nest-carpet beside her. For a moment I was afraid of doll; but, when I saw she did not move hand or foot and seemed to have no life, I hopped down, seized the coveted piece in my bill, and had barely time to fly up into the tree before the children came back again. Then the little girl picked up the doll, and, looking about, she began to cry.

"'Oh dear! oh dear! the wind has blown away the stuff for my doll's bonnet.' And she searched about, and made a great ado, while I sat quietly up in the tree thinking it fast in my bill."

"What did the Wind say, when they accused him of taking it?" asked Mr. Bluebird.

"O, he said nothing, only he blew her curls over her face and made fun of her, till she was obliged to go in her house. Then I flew off as fast as I could with my prize."

"You are a perfect jewel of a little wife," said Mr. Bluebird, giving her a little caress with his bill. And then he flew up on a twig, and sang and sang till the nest was in perfect order and everything ready for the new housekeeping.

In a very short time Mrs. Bluebird had laid three lovely little eggs in the bottom of her beautiful nest. How pretty they looked, lying in their soft bed of bright blue. She was obliged to stop and admire them again and again before she could make up her mind to cover them over and keep them warm, in order to hatch them.

But nothing ever made so much excitement in the nest as the chipping out from their shells of three naked, sprawling little birds. Their heads were all mouth, and their bodies were without feathers; but Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird thought them the most beautiful creatures ever seen.

Such an incessant piping and squealing as they kept up for something to eat would have been deafening to anybody who had not had Mrs. Bluebird's ears. She did regret occasionally that none of the children had a voice like their father; but he consoled her by saying no one knew how they would be when they were grown. He remembered hearing his mother say nobody ever would have believed when he was first hatched what a singer he would turn out.

Day after day the little birdlings grew. Their scattered down turned into feathers, and their wings began to look really like wings. Already they had begun to take lessons in flying.

I have not told you that at first there had been some jealousy among the other birds on account of the superior beauty of the Bluebirds' nest. When the Robins and the Bob-o-link family saw what an elegant carpet the nest boasted, they supposed Mrs. Bluebird would put on airs, and try to set herself up above the rest of them. But, on the contrary, she and her husband had always shown themselves so friendly and obliging that all this feeling had worn off, and nobody remembered whether their house was any better than anybody's else. I am sorry to say, however, that all the young Bluebirds had not inherited their parents' simplicity and unpretending manners. Masters Tommy and Dicky Bluebird, to be sure, were as good-natured and simple-hearted as any birds need be; but Miss Phœbe, the younger sister, was not like them in that respect. Ever since she had discovered, in her little hops and flights about the trees in the neighborhood, that her father's nest had a blue silk lining, she had tossed her little bill rather higher, and had refused several times to speak cordially to old friends of the family, who wore plain clothes or did not live in desirable places. Her father and mother saw all this with grief; but affected not to notice it, hoping in time she would learn to be ashamed of such feelings.

One day in June, Mr. and Mrs. Bird took a little journey to visit some old friends whom they had not seen since their marriage. The three young ones were left at home; and were told that they might fly down and get their dinners when they were hungry. Accordingly, when the sun was in the middle of the sky, they flew down out of the nest. As soon as they alighted on the ground, they were surrounded by their neighbors, both old and young birds, who were hopping about, picking up their noon-day meal, and singing and chatting together. Tommy and Dicky joined heartily in the friendly greetings; but Phœbe stuck her bill in the air with a contemptuous expression, held herself aloof, and made herself so disagreeable generally that after a little while everbody ceased to make advances to her. Without being aware of it, she wandered away some distance from home, and found herself near the foot of a tree, where a very happy family of plainly-dressed birds were regaling themselves on a raspberry bush which hung thick with berries. They called on her very pleasantly to join them; but, when she saw how plainly they were clothed, she hardly answered their kind invitation. There is a proverb about pride that goeth before a fall, and Miss Phœbe found it fulfilled in this case. Hardly had she passed the tree under which they were gathered, than a storm which had been approaching burst over her head. The rain came down in torrents, the lightning blinded her, and she was on the point of sinking down to die, when she heard the pitying voice of one of the bird family whom she had just passed, begging her to seek shelter in their nest till the storm was over. Very gladly she accepted this offer, though she had barely strength to reach the offered shelter. There, protected from the storm by the thick leaves, the birds gently brushed her wet feathers and showed her such kindness as quite melted her silly little proud heart. Their nest was of the very plainest, without carpet, or down for lining, and their dresses of simplest brown. But, after the rain was over and the sun broke out, the father bird perched on the tree-branch and burst out into such wonderful singing as Phœbe had never heard before. Not even her father could sing like that.

That night, when she had returned home to her parent-nest, and was cosily tucked under her mother's warm wings, she told all her day's adventures and confessed her foolish pride.

Her mother listened, and then said, gently:

"The family you have met is the Thrush family, whose acquaintance is an honor to any bird. To be sure they have not as fine a nest as ours; but remember it was only an accident which made ours so luxurious. And as to dress, my dear child, remember, as long as you live, that *fine feathers do not make fine birds*."

Sunday Schools.

A MOST touching and beautiful illustration of self-denying Christian work by proxy has lately come to our notice. A young lady, daughter of an eminent Albany pastor, made the acquaintance, some years since, of Rev. John McCullagh, the veteran missionary of the American Sunday School Union in the South, and conceived an ardent love for his work among neglected children. Meanwhile, by her own earnings, she has established, through him, about twenty Sunday Schools, by donations of $10 to $30 to each. Planted by such loving care, they have been abundantly blessed. Six churches have already sprung up as the outgrowth of these Sunday Schools. One—started in an old, abandoned log school-house, fitted up in part, by the missionary's own hands, in a place where there was no day-school, or Sunday School, or church for many miles around—has been visited by a most precious revival, resulting in one hundred conversions. They have now a nice new school-house, and an organized church. This lady is a confirmed invalid, and has hardly left the house for eight months; yet her energy has known no rest or relaxation. Confined much of her time to her bed and suffering keenly, her busy fingers have worked on tirelessly and lovingly for the children. A fair lately held in her father's house netted the handsome sum of $200—all the proceeds of her skillful handiwork, and enough to start handsomely half-a-score of Sunday Schools in the destitute South. The work and labor of love of this dear disciple will by and by be done. The results are only just budding into development. How rich will be the fruit at harvest time! How joyously, sitting at Heaven's gate, will she welcome the hundreds of ransomed ones brought to Jesus through her instrumentality! This work that she has done should be told as a memorial of her.

....There were 35,000 Sabbath School children who turned out for their annual parade in Brooklyn. It was a beautiful day, and the youngsters enjoyed themselves hugely. One Episcopal school, after the parade, treated its children to a dance; and in the evening the older members indulged in one of those indiscriminate dances which Bishop Coxe attacks so severely, and against which the Roman Catholic bishops have just issued their pastoral letter.

....A correction appears in the *Sunday School Times* of our statistics of Sunday Schools, and gives the membership of the Sunday School of Dr. Shaw's church in Rochester as 747, and of Dr. Campbell's church as 590. The figures which we gave (1,096 for the former and 1,260 for the latter) were the official figures of the Presbyterian "Minutes"; and probably include, as we stated, the children in the mission schools.

....The New York City Association meets on the third Monday evening of every month, in Dr. Crosby's church, the Fourth-avenue Presbyterian. At the next meeting, June 21st, Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, one of the most popular Sunday School men in the country, will address the teachers on "Children's Church."

....A county convention held in Cincinnati brought out statistics showing that there are 102 Sabbath Schools in the city and 130 in the townships, having in all 27,156 scholars and an average attendance of 18,964. There were 561 conversions reported.

....The expected crowds were present at the opening of the Illinois State Sunday School Convention, at Bloomington. On the first day $3,000 had come, and 1,000 more were expected that night.

....The Massachusetts Convention meets in Charlestown, June 23d and 24th. The Wisconsin State S. S. Union meets in Beloit, June 22d, 23d, and 24th. The Philadelphia State Association met in Williamsport, June 1st.

....The Congregational Sunday School in Prentisaval, Pa., Rev. Micah W. Strickland pastor, increased its adult membership 400 per cent. last year.

Art and Artists.

A YOUNG enthusiast in art, who is an exhibitor in the National Academy of Design for the first time this season, sends us the following note from Oswego. It is pleasant to hear so distinct an echo from so distant a point to our brief utterances. It will gratify him, as well as many more of the younger brood of artists who are just clipping their shells and taking their first outlook upon the artistic world, to learn that the revolutionary outbreak in our National Academy of Design, which we made some mention of last month, has been attended with such encouraging results that the revolutionists have now almost everything in their own hands, and will have everything their own way, which there is very good reason for believing will be a great improvement on the old way, if it should not prove the very best way. It is supposed that Mr. Huntington will resign the office of president, to which he was re-elected by a majority of only one vote; and that Mr. Gray, the present vice-president, will be acting president *pro tem.* But to our correspondent's note:

DEAR SIR:—Your criticisms on Art, in THE INDEPENDENT of May 6th, interested me exceedingly, because of their frankness and the much-needed truth and justice they contained. It appears there is but little critical acumen displayed by our art critics. Nearly all we read is mere panegyric.

The *Post*, probably, has as much to say about art and artists as any other paper; but it seldom does aught but praise, and a constant reader of its pages could get but a poor idea of the relative merits and demerits of the works of the various artists.

Tuckerman's large book on American Artists is, for the same reason, almost valueless. He seems to make little distinction between genius and talent. No reader would form any higher idea of Inness, with his great creative genius, than of a dozen others who have scarcely any perception of that mysterious something which he always gets into his landscapes and which forms the great charm of his paintings. It is not that Tuckerman does not say enough for the deserving; but rather too much for the undeserving, so that all are brought to the same level. Thus, from the want of plain-spoken, severe, and just criticism on American art and artists, the majority of art patrons are deluded. I have seen, at an exhibition, a throng of spectators grouped before a showy picture that had scarcely a suggestive form or color, while hanging by its side would be a work of such sweet and grand imagination as would fill an appreciative observer with joy, as it seemed to ever unfold something new and beautiful, that the many who seem to have no power to penetrate beneath the surface of things would pass unnoticed. No great work of art can be superficial, but must have the soul of the thing suggested; and he who has the power to do this is a genius. One does not like to see the human form divine used merely to hang drapery on, and to hear the rustling of silk and satin, while the painted face expresses nothing more than a brainless puppet. How different are the works of Page, brought forth with conscientious care and imbued with soul. With what religious fidelity he labors on every part, yet keeping the whole in wondrous unity. His portraits seem to look at and question you. That look of solidity about them gives you an idea of the avoirdupois weight of the man; and his female heads possess the pure attractions of the sex itself. Yet how few appreciate his greatness. How frequently Mr. Page speaks of *quality* of flesh!—a thing I did not understand, nor had I heard any other artist speak of it. I do believe few know its meaning. I shall never forget how and when it dawned on my mind, standing like a revelation. Ever since I have striven for it; but, no doubt, have almost wholly failed. G. W. K.

....The most notable event which has lately occurred here of interest to artists has been the arrival of Geo. H. Boughton's painting of the First Sabbath in New England, which is in the possession of Mr. S. P. Avery, and will probably soon be on public exhibition. With the growing fame of Mr. Boughton, which all Americans take delight in, comes the dampening piece of information that this genuine and earnest artist, who gives himself with such intelligent sincerity to the illustration of American, or rather of New England, legends, is not an American by birth, though he spent his earlier years in New York; but a native of Norfolk, in England. But it is gratifying to know that he takes pride in calling himself an American, though he was born a subject of H. B. M. and is a resident of London.

Music.

THE only notable musical performances given in New York during the past week were the two concerts at Steinway Hall on Saturday, for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. Seymour. The personal and professional friends of that lamented gentlemen exerted themselves with so much intelligence and zeal that the memorial was not only one of the most brilliant artistic successes of the season, but resulted in a very substantial purse. On the matinee programme the principal name was Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's. She sang a scena from "La Sonnambula" and Bevignani's "La Floraja." Mr. Theodore Thomas's grand orchestra played the funeral march from Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony" and the overture to "Der Freyschutz." Madame Nathalie Testa gave the "O Salutaris" from Rossini's Posthumous Mass; and there were contributions to the entertainment from Mr. Harry Sanderson, Mr. J. Levy, the cornet-player, and Mr. J. R. Thomas. Only one of the long list of artists advertised failed to appear. This was Mrs. Strates. The audience, composed mainly of ladies, was a large one, but the attendance in the evening was still larger, the hall being well crowded. Mr. Simpson was absent, and Ole Bull, who had been announced, was detained in Baltimore; but there was ample entertainment of a very superior kind without these artists. Considering the difficulty in bringing together so many distinguished performers—some of them from a distance—the wonder is that the disappointments were so few. The star of the evening was Madame Parepa Rosa, who appeared three or four times, and, as usual, carried the house by storm. She sang Handel's "Let the Bright Seraphim," while Mr. Levy played the trumpet obligato. She gave Gounod's "Ave Maria," with Mr. S. B. Mills at the piano, G. W. Morgan at the organ, and Carl Rosa replacing Ole Bull in the violin obligato. Later in the evening, she gave some ballad singing. Mr. Morgan played two solos, Mr. S. B. Mills played two, Mr. S. C. Campbell and the young Swedish tenor, Mr. Nordblom, sang a little. Madame Rose Bell gave the well-known polonaise from Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon" and a serenade of Semet's; and Mr. Carl Rosa filled the breach left by Ole Bull with a pleasant and very effective fantasia on "Home, Sweet Home" and other popular airs. Mrs. Zelda Harrison Seguin made a decided sensation by her charming singing of "Roeked in the Cradle of the Deep," and a ballad of Claribel's. Altogether, the Seymour memorial was successful even beyond the anticipations of its projectors.

....Messrs. Hall and Labagh have just finished for the Jewish Temple Emanuel, on Fifth Avenue, one of the largest organs ever built in the United States. It has four manuals and a set of pedals, all supplied with the pneumatic lever action, and contains 4,424 pipes, 64 speaking registers, 10 coupling registers, and 10 combination pedals. The great organ has 16 registers; namely, 2 of 16 feet, 7 of 8 feet, 3 of 4 feet, and 4 compound and harmonic registers. The choir organ has 12 stops, one (the bell gamba) being of 16 feet. In the swell organ there are 16 stops, including a bourdon and fagotto, each of 16 feet, a mixture of 5 ranks and a scheff of 3 ranks. The solo organ has 8 registers, among which are a vox humana stop and a tuba mirabilis. There are 12 pedal registers, including 2 of 32 feet. The architectural design of the instrument is such that nearly all the pipes are exposed to view.

Missionary News.

ANOTHER of those difficulties that are liable to arise in a mission is the complicated trouble experienced by the mission among the Koles, an aboriginal of Orissa, India. Pastor Gossner sent out from Germany, more than twenty years ago, a number of earnest but not educated men, who have met with surprising success, and have gained 10,000 or 15,000 converts. These missionaries were not able to give instruction such as is needed, nor had the Kole language been mastered by them, nor any literature created in it. They had laboriously used the Hindu tongue. The Berlin committee have been trying to remedy this evil by sending out for some years educated men, who should elevate the character of the work. The older missionaries, with that jealousy which ignorance is apt to display toward learning, opposed the introduction of the new policy, and did what they could to prevent the coming of those who would, they feared, weaken their influence over the natives. The Berlin committee persisted, and the older missionaries were intractable, until there came to be an open schism between them. The younger missionaries were coldly received, and the two classes could not work comfortably together. At last a deputation was sent out from Berlin to straighten out affairs, but was unsuccessful in the attempt. The eight younger missionaries were sustained by the home committee, and the six older missionaries resigned. In this juncture the Bishop of Calcutta, a High Church Ritualist, steps in, tells the old missionaries that they are entirely in the right, offers to support them in their present field of labor, ordains three of them into the British and Apostolic succession, and bids them bring with them as many of their converts as they can into the English Propagation Society mission. This is not the first time that this Anglican party has shown a tendency to enter into other people's labors; but the present case has excited considerable indignation among the Evangelical Christians of Germany. An appeal, says the *Christian Work*, from which we glean these facts, will perhaps be made to the friends of missions throughout the world to stand by the Gossner mission. Still it could do little good, as such interference is the settled policy of that Anglican party, which seems to believe that there is nothing good except among its Pharisees.

....From an interesting letter to the *Evangelist* from Dr. George E. Post, of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, we learn some facts in reference to that institution. In naming the classes it was impossible to import our American designations, especially as "Sophomore" would hardly bear translation. Finally it was agreed to call the first class Beginners; the second One Year's Men; the third Mudrikeen, which would signify those who have an insight into science; and the fourth Mumtakeen, which means those who are completing their study. The highest at present is the Mudrikeen class, who have been studying the English grammar and poetry, with select translations and exercises; also French, and some of them Turkish. They have been through a thorough course in geometry, and natural philosophy, and chemistry, and the higher branches of Arabic study, beside a very thorough course of instruction in the Scriptures, both on week days and Sundays. The students are from several sects—Protestants, Greeks, Greek Catholics, Romanists, and Druzes. Their manly bearing and studious application would do honor to any American college. They will receive instruction in botany after the spring vacation, and will be carried on still further in the branches already begun. The medical department has been successful beyond its friends' most sanguine hopes. The students have been exceedingly assiduous; and, in the absence of suitable books, have been compelled to copy out all the lectures in full. To their great delight, they have obtained subjects for dissection, and many students have gained creditable proficiency in the use of the scalpel. The cabinets are slowly growing, and already there are 6,000 species in the herbarium. The minerals begin to make a show, but the lack of a place to put them is severely felt. There is also the nucleus of a collection of antique coins, statuary, and vases, which will in time grow into an Oriental museum. The beautiful new church of Beirut was dedicated March 28th, and the female seminary has been completely reorganized and is in a flourishing condition. The native brethren have opened and support 5 Sunday Schools in various parts of the city, having 200 scholars.

....The *Christian Work*, in giving an account of the English May meetings, gives in a table the incomes of the various benevolent societies. By adding up and classifying the statistics there given, we reach the following results: The Bible and the tract societies have an aggregate income from subscriptions and sales of £300,804; the foreign mission societies report receipts amounting to £642,320; home missions, £246,021; Jewish missions, £55,474; colonial and continental missions, £46,009; educational societies, £157,924; and miscellaneous societies, £46,832. Making a grand total of £1,495,384; or, redneing this amount to currency, supposing gold to be worth $1 40, or $10,138,704. To this should, probably, be added not much less than a million of dollars which was given to societies whose incomes it is difficult to ascertain, and which are not reported in these statistics. Of the different denominations, so far as we can distinguish their societies, the Episcopalians contribute, £300,432; the Presbyterians, of various sorts, £211,542; the Methodists, £174,-210; the Congregationalists, £125,559; and the Baptists, £34,458; leaving for union societies, or those whose character is unknown, a remainder of £559,185. Of the foreign missionary societies the Church Missionary (Low Church Episcopalian) receives £157,330, or $1,065,697 currency; the Wesleyan Missionary Society, £146,349, or $991,568; the London Missionary Society, £108,847, or $737,993; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, £103,132, or $699,135; the Baptist Society, £30,556; the Free Church of Scotland, £29,538; the United Presbyterians, £25,464; the Primitive Methodists, £18,573; the Church of Scotland; £11,009; and the English Presbyterians, £6,602.

....Mr. Sturges, of the mission to Ponape, in Micronesia, says that he finds it a great comfort that, although the natives are a selfish, ungrateful, indolent people, they yet, as converts, "stand fire" so well. Out of a little band of 11 baptized ones, living alone and far from the missionaries, only one yielded to fears of the hatchet swung over their heads, with orders from their chief to take the cup of ava, or die instantly. Once, when a drunken savage flew at Mr. Sturges with a drawn knife, one of his deacons stepped in between them, and bared his breast for the blow. While some of the Christians were on a visit to a distant part of the island, the chief of the place discovered that a young man from a hostile tribe was in the neighborhood. He ordered him to be brought into the feast-house, and made ready to plunge a knife into him. The chief of the Christian party drew the young man into his arms, and told the other chief if he killed one he killed both.

....We are glad to see that a healthy state of feeling in the matter of the support of the Gospel by missionary converts is extending from Eastern and Central into Western Turkey. At Sivas, only a little while ago, the pastor was asking for more salary, and wanted the missionaries to pay it all. Now he has voluntarily reduced it by one-tenth, making that his tithe for the support of the Gospel, and tells his people they ought to bear the whole expense. Special religious interest has arisen since the week of prayer; and, instead of the single small prayer-meeting, with rarely more than three attendants, there are now two, besides that for the women, attended by from 20 to 30. There are only about 20 members of the church in all.

....Besides the two churches in Marash, with their 450 members, there has lately been a service commenced in another part of the city, which is attended by 300 or 400 in good weather. Many of the most intelligent Armenians in the city attend. The theological students are now absent, preaching in the mountains. One writes from Hadjin: "The people press me so that I have hardly time to eat food."

....Bishop Payne (American Episcopalian) expects to reach the United States this month from his field in Liberia, Africa, where he has labored for 33 years. During that time he has confirmed 643 communicants and ordained 25 presbyters and deacons.

Scientific.

THE notion formerly prevalent that the gradual cooling down of the planet has gradually produced a cooler climate is now so far given up that it is generally admitted that there is no proof that the climate even of the Silurian periods was warmer than those of the earth at present, except as affected by a different distribution of land and sea. It is remarkable that as lately as the Miocene period the temperate zone extended into the Arctic regions so far that forests might have flourished even at the North Pole—even a magnolia having been in the Tertiary of Greenland, where now the smallest shrub can scarcely live. And yet we find before and after this period ages of cold intercalated in which the ice extended all over Europe. There has been an alternation of these hot and cold periods inexplicable on any theory which depends mainly on the gradual cooling down of the earth. The theory which assumes that different portions of the space through which the earth is traveling are of different temperature is utterly devoid of truth, and should be admitted only as a last resort. Mr. James Croll has investigated with great labor the effects on the earth's climate of the changing ellipticity of the earth's orbit, and of the precession of the equinoxes. He finds that when our winter occurs in aphelion, in a period of greatest eccentricity, (14,000,000 miles, instead of 3,000,000, as at present), the northern hemisphere would receive one-fifth less heat than it does now. In such a case he supposes that moisture would fall as snow instead of rain, and that the result would be a glacial period. His calculations would place the glacial period 210,000 years ago, and the Miocene glacial period 850,000 years ago. Calculating that the latter and not the former time was the glacial period, as Mr. Croll had at first suggested, Mr. Lyell has calculated from the proportionate change in the forms of life the approximate age of the entire geological series, which would make the Cambrian rocks 240,000,000 years old; an antiquity which Sir Wm. Thomson seems to have mathematically proved impossible, as the sun at its present rate of emitting heat could not have kept up the supply for that length of time. It is by no means certain that any astronomical theory will in the least explain the glacial period, as the relative position of land and water is of supreme importance in the matter. Were the main bodies of land in the Torrid Zone, and only islands near the Poles, no ice would ever form at sea, and those islands might enjoy a temperature like that of Southern Ireland; or, were the land near the Pole slightly elevated, so as to block up the northern straits, preventing all access of warm currents to the Arctic Sea, there would probably follow a cap of perpetual snow and ice over the Pole which would extend to the Mediterranean.

....It has been calculated that the Ganges lowers the entire basin which it drains at the rate of 1-2358 of a foot per annum, the Mississippi 1-6000, the Hoang-ho 1-1464, and the Rhone 1-1528 per annum. The average elevation of Europe is 670 feet; and at this rate, supposing it permanent and equal in all places, but little more than a million years would suffice to plane the continent down to the level of the ocean—that is, if its other rivers have an equal denuding power with the Rhone.

....Parliament unhesitatingly voted £3,000 to investigate the cattle plague, but refused a penny to investigate the spread of leprosy in the colonies; probably because cattle flesh represents a salable value, while human flesh does not. An equally shrewd Scotch farmer once loudly protested against the modest fee of half a crown charged by a physician for visiting his wife. Said he: "Eh, its just ruinous! Half a croon! And I can ha' a coo-doctor for three an' sax-pence!"

....Professor J. W. Freer, M.D., of Chicago, announces that with the aid of an illuminator applied to his microscope he has discovered that, contrary to the hitherto received observations, the blood corpuscles are not simple discs, but have a well-defined, nipple-shaped nucleus.

Foreign Gleanings.

IT is announced that the principal shops in Paris are henceforth to be closed on Sundays. This important reform is, it seems, not the result of a religious movement; but is brought about by the kind of agency which in England obtained the Saturday half-holiday. But there has been for several years back a tendency this way in Paris. Those who remember the Paris even of ten or a dozen years ago must lately have noticed a great change in the appearance of the city on Sundays. All through what may be called the Court Quarter—that is, the upper part of the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue Royale, etc.—most of the shops are closed. The Emperor and Empress are understood to have been always in favor of the closing of shops on the Sunday.

....A person named Frederic Attenborough, of Nottingham, England, lately died, leaving a bequest of some 20,000 dollars to the hospital of that town. It appears that 53 years ago the deceased man was a patient in the hospital, and ascribed the preservation of his life to the care and attention he had received there. He served as a private soldier in a dragoon regiment for 33 years, and for the twenty years following his discharge he had a small pension. His bequest to the hospital was the accumulation of his extraordinary economy and wise investment during all these years. He had contrived to get together 20,000 dollars out of the small pay of a private soldier.

....Captain Tyler, in his official report to the English Board of Trade on the Brindisi route to India, declares that "the hope of the Indian traveler of the next generation, chimerical as it may appear to many at present, must be nothing less than to pass drydshod from London to Bombay, through a submarine tunnel from Dover to Calais, through Europe by railway, over the Bosphorus by a bridge, and forward by railway down the Euphrates valley and round the Persian Gulf to Bombay."

....Flaubert, the French novelist, author of the once famous or infamous *Madame Bovary*, and more lately of the extraordinary and bewildering romance of old Carthage, called *Salambho*, in announced as about to favor the world with a new work of fiction. It can hardly create more scandal than *Madame Bovary*, or be more extraordinary than *Salambho*.

....Gustave Doré finds his engagements too numerous and important to allow him to accept the invitation to travel to the East in the *suite* of the Empress of the French, and illustrate the journey. He has, therefore, had the audacity actually to decline the invitation—a piece of daring almost unprecedented, we venture to think, in the annals of courts.

....Has the American public wholly forgotten a Rev. Mr. Speke, who made a wonderful sensation in England two years ago by suddenly disappearing almost off the face of all creation, for no apparent reason whatever except to stir up a popular excitement? Mr. Speke was married a few days ago in England and we trust will not disappear any more.

....The Viceroy of Egypt has arrived in Florence, and is staying at the Pitti Palace. King Victor Emmanuel came from Turin to receive him—a severe effort of friendship on the part of the "bloat king," who loves Turin and detests Florence.

....William Howard Russell, the historiographer of Bull's Run, is bringing out an account of the recent journey of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Will the English Government not reward him with a life peerage?

....It is actually proposed in England that on level roads the postmen shall be mounted on bicycles. There will be a pretty scattering of letters, we venture to think, when this great movement begins to be tried.

....Peter Cunningham, son of Allan Cunningham, the poet, is dead. Peter Cunningham had a sort of literary, artistic, and archæological reputation some few years ago; but of late he has been little heard of.

....A quack doctor in Liverpool has commended the ingredients of his poisoned chalice to his own lips, and suffered accordingly. He took some of one of his own doses as a cure for rheumatism, and died.

....Mrs. Mary Somerville, the celebrated authoress, has just received the Victoria medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Mrs. Somerville is now in her nineteth year, and lives at Naple

Pebbles.

DR. T. S. BELL, of Louisville, giving some reminiscences of the great Breckinridge family of Kentucky, in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, relates that years ago, when the Rev. John Breckinridge was living in the North, and had arranged for a controversy with the Rev. John Hughes, of the Catholic Church—then not as well known as afterward, but represented as of a rude, overbearing character—nearly all of the family were gathered around the home hearth, when, after the assumed characteristics of the Rev. John Hughes had been fully discussed, the venerable mother opened her snuff-box and seized a large pinch of snuff between her thumb and finger, and, as she did so, remarked that she "wished it was ——," naming one of her other sons. He straightened himself up, his face beaming with proud, exultant triumph over the maternal selection, because to her judgment they all deferred. A long pause ensued; the pinch of snuff was still in abeyance, and the silence was at length broken by the inquiry, "Why, mother?" "Because," she replied, taking the snuff at the same moment, "John is too much of a gentleman for this controversy with John Hughes."

....On no occasion do people seem more prone to commit blunders than at a wedding. The following funny incident actually happened in California: In the midst of a crowd of witnesses, the clergyman had just completed the interesting ceremony which binds in the silver bonds of wedlock two willing hearts, and stretched forth his hands to implore the blessings of heaven on the union. At this point, the groomsman, seeing the open hand reached out, supposed it was the signal for him to surrender the wedding fee, which was burning in his pocket. Accordingly, just as the clergyman closed his eyes in prayer, he felt the pressure of a double eagle upon his palm. The good man hesitated, appalled at the ludicrousness of his situation; but coolly deposited the money in his pocket, and proceeded with his devotion.

....At the delegate meeting of the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church, in Newark, the subject of discussion being parochial missionary work, the Rev. Dr. Boggs was speaking about the neglect of the people to attend public worship, and said: "I have a free church at New Brunswick; but it is seldom filled on Sundays. How am I to get people to come?" At this, Dr. Meiersmith, rector of Trinity church, started up and said: "I'll tell you how, Brother Boggs—send for young Steve Tyng. He'll fill your church for you!"

....A Scotch clergyman named Hackstoun one day said to Mr. Smibert, the minister of Cupar, who, like himself, was blessed with a foolish, or, rather, wild youth for a son: "D'ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon?" "How can that be, Rathillet?" inquired the startled clergyman. "Ou, ye see," said Hackstoun, "Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that *our sons are fools*."

....Dubuque, Ia., has a precocious student of astronomy, who under examination gave the following astonishing answer to the question, "What is the Milky Way?" "The Milky Way is a collection of white clouds in the sky, called the trade-winds, or the aurora borealis."

....A little boy, five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he, raising himself on his elbow, and putting on a roguish smile. "Mother, I ain't a gun!"

....At a young ladies' seminary, recently, during an examination in history, one of the most promising pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

....Ruskin lately asked Spurgeon: "Spurgeon, where do you think I would go if I should die now?" "To hell and be damned." "Well, that's frank. I've asked several preachers that question, and they evaded it."

....A Kentucky paper thinks that the word croquet is too Frenchy, and proposes that the game whist, it designates be hereafter called "Presbyterian billiards."

Publisher's Department.

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, June 17th, 1869.

CHARLES SUMNER AND JOHN BULL.

IT were a curious inquiry, could it only be effectually carried out, that should ascertain how many of the liege subjects of Her Majesty, whose righteous souls have been grieving over Senator Sumner's speech, have ever read the same. The ideas of the newspapers are so comically composed on the subject that there must be excellent mirth in the knowledge of what the notions of the average English-man must be. Two letters have lately come to our knowledge from respectable middle-class British subjects, of much more than ordinary British intelligence, exceptionally well informed as to American affairs and warm sympathizers with the nation at the time of the rebellion. One of them affirms that the only rational explanation of Mr. Sumner's speech was that he was laboring under an access of lunacy, and that the kindest thing his friends could do for him would be to clap him into a straight-jacket and relegate him to the nearest insane asylum! This, to all appearance, in perfect good faith. The other says, "As to the cool proposal to give up Canada, Sumner talks like a slaveholder!" Of course, this excellent person had never read the speech, or he would have known that it contains no proposal of the kind—the only mention of Canada being in relation to the cutting-out of the "Caroline," in 1837, which was apologized for at the time of the Ashburton Treaty, in 1842. If this be the state of temper and knowledge of the best-informed and the best-inclined of those insularies, what must be that of the worst!

It was not good policy on the part of the British press to suppress Mr. Sumner's speech, as a general thing, or to garble it, as most of them did. Had they laid it in the fullest manner before their readers, the excitement of the British public would at least have been more intelligent, and probably much less. It would have conjured up before the eyes of John Bull a solemn and formidable apparition; but it would not have been the raw-head-and-bloody-bones that now disturbs his digestion of his matutinal tea and toast. *Omne ignotum pro horribili*, as well as *pro magnifico*. The idea of Brother Jonathan shaking his fist fiercely across the ferry that separates his domain from John's "fast-anchored isle," and demanding that the Queen get down on her knees and ask pardon for the Proclamation of Belligerency, and that he then put his hand into his own plethoric pocket and pass over five hundred millions sterling, as some of his papers tell him, or else take a thrashing, might well stir the bile of a more lymphatic temperament than he can boast. It was his own guilty conscience that dressed the phantom in much of its terrors; or he would have laughed at it, instead of falling into a passion. Mr. Sumner set his sins in order before him, and told what would be, in strict justice and according to eternal equity, no more than a due explation of them. He jumped to the conclusion that the was to be incontinently taken by the throat and the uttermost farthing extorted.

We presume that Mr. Sumner put his speech into the shape it bears deliberately and of good set purpose. There are those who think that he might have made a two-fold division of his subject: one setting forth the utmost that we have an absolute right to demand, and the other the least that we can consent to accept. But perhaps nothing but a buffet such as he has delivered could have awakened John Bull from the stolid self-complacency with which he considers that whatever is most for his comfort, convenience and profit must be according to the nature of things. Most of us can remember how the average Englishman in 1861 assumed as an axiom that, as the proclamation was good for English trade, therefore it must be in accordance with the eternal veritics, and seemed honestly amazed that we could not see it so. Mr. Sumner brings England to the bar of the world, reads the articles of impeachment, establishes their truth by irrefragable evidence, and shows the penalty to which she has justly subjected herself. But he does not move for sentence and execution. That is left for the authorities in whose hands it lies. It is because John Bull conceives that he has done just this thing, and that there remaineth for himself nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment, that he has been thrown into the paroxysms which have been so comforting for those of us to contemplate who suffer from the bad memories that forget nothing. But in all international, as in all inter-individual settlements, the element of compromise necessarily enters. Not compromise of principles, but of details.

Mr. Sumner could not have meant that we should demand an apology for the Proclamation of Belligerency. Whether right or wrong, no nation will acknowledge that it has done an unjust and wicked action, unless the avenger has his foot on its neck and is dictating terms of mercy in its capital. The proclamation was a national act, like an act of Congress, or even like an amendment to the Constitution. As we would never apologize for either of these to avoid war, but fight to the last man and the last dollar, so would England in that matter. The Queen can do no wrong; but her servants can, and reparation can be demanded at the point of the bayonet, in the last resort, for the mischief done by their negligence or wrong-doing. The permission of the "Alabama" to be built, manned, and refitted in English ports is precisely such a case. Satisfaction can be made to our sensibilities as well as to our pockets here, without any wounding of national pride or self respect. This has been done in the cases of the "Leopard" and of the "Caroline." On this we have a right to insist, and should do so, to prevent any repetition of the mischief. Though, morally, England may be justly responsible for the expenses caused by the prolongation of the war, owing to the moral and material aid she gave to the rebellion, it is too indefinite a claim to be practically insisted upon, and may be magnanimously waived. Of course, we have *the right* to demand this, and the cancellation of the proclamation and an apology for it, as an *ultimatum*; but this could be done only in the contemplation of certain war—an alternative to be avoided, if it can be done without derogation to the national honor.

We believe that, when John Bull has recovered from the first spasm of rage into which his distorted view of Mr. Sumner's speech has thrown him, and has regained sufficient self-possession to read, ponder, and inwardly digest it, he will find that it is his own imagination, or the lying oracles of the press in which he puts his faith, that furnished it with its most hideous features. We cannot, perhaps, expect that he should discern a smiling face behind its frowning providence, or give a cheerful consent to all its propositions. But we think he will see that there is an American as well as a British side of the question, and will be all the more ready to make the moderate satisfaction which we shall ask at his hands—which we hold to be this: 1st, An expression of regret on the part of the ministry for all the doings of their predecessors in the matter of the "Alabama," so distinct as to make any repetition of such impossible; 2nd, The payment of all damages to individuals by the "Alabama," to be ascertained by a competent commission, charged with this duty only, and with no deduction for English claims. One of the chief objections to the Johnson-Clarendon treaty, in our eyes, was its treating this grave international difficulty as if it were a suit-at-law between two shop-keepers, to be adjusted by offsetting debt against debt. When the damages of our citizens, through the help of the *laches* of the Palmerston ministry, are ascertained and paid, then, if England has any claims against us, we will have them ascertained by another commission, and pay them with all our hearts. But let not this judicial act of international justice be mixed up with the disputations and pettifoggings of the county courts.

RELIGION AND THE U. S. CONSTITUTION.

THERE is a class of persons in this country—small in number as compared with the whole body of the people, and, as we think, very far from representing the view generally held by the Christian Church—who denounce the Constitution of the United States as *atheistical* and *irreligious*, because it does not contain a direct assertion of some of the elementary doctrines of the Christian religion, especially the doctrine of God and the Lordship of Jesus Christ. The Reformed Presbyterians, who recently met at Newburgh, in this state, illustrate the truth of this statement, as shown by their speeches and resolutions. To them, and all others of like faith, we wish to say one or two words.

The only passages in the Constitution which make any reference to religion, directly or indirectly, are those in which the President, the members of both houses of Congress, the members of state legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers of the United States and of the several states, are required to be sworn into office by oath or affirmation; which deny to Congress all power to pass any laws "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof"; and which declare that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." The oath or affirmation inferentially involves the doctrine of a Supreme Being. The restriction of the power of Congress and the exclusion of all religious tests guarantee religious liberty as against any encroachments by the National Government, and make impossible the enactment of any law by Congress for the establishment of religion. So the matter stands as left in the Constitution. The impugners of this instrument, as we understand them, find fault with it not on account of what it contains, but on account of what it does *not* contain. They insist that at least some of the dogmas of the Christian religion, especially two, should be *formally* announced as part of the fundamental law of the land; and to gain this end they propose an amendment of the Constitution.*

In response to this theory, which we regard as essentially false, we take the liberty of saying that the Constitution of the United States is not, and is not intended to be, a *religious creed* to express the faith or define the polity of the Christian Church, or of any sect thereof. It is an instrument for the creation of *civil* government, designed to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" to the American people. This civil government exists in the name of the people, and derives all its just powers from their legally expressed consent. It is, moreover, not a theocracy, created by any special intervention of God, and of which he is the civil Head. It has no appointment of form, prerogatives, or powers by the Author of Nature, beyond those which inhere in the very constitution and necessities of civil society. It is just what it professes to be—a civil government, and nothing more. It is not a *church*, to propound, propagate, or enforce religious creeds; but a civil government to define and protect the rights of men in their relations to each other, considered as subjects and citizens of the state. To say that the Constitution under which this government exists is atheistic and irreligious because it does not contain a religious creed, either in whole or in part, would, in principle, be equivalent to saying that chemistry is atheistic and irreligious because it does not include in its analyses and syntheses the doctrine of God and the Lordship of Jesus Christ. A bank corporation or a railroad company would be atheistic and irreligious for the same reason. We take it that finance is one thing and theology another. And so we hold that civil government is one thing and religion quite another.

We hence confront the primary principle of these gentlemen with a square and positive denial. We deny that it is the province of *any* civil government, unless it can make good its claim to the plenary attributes of a theocracy, to prescribe or enforce any system of religious faith. It deals with men in the relations of *time*, and not those of eternity. So far as it enters the field of *moral* virtues, it contemplates them in their *civic* relations. This, and this only, is the legitimate province of civil government. The moment it passes this boundary it becomes an usurpation in *theory*, and almost always such in fact. Considered philosophically, it becomes an absurdity, since no legal regulation or prescription can ever govern one's religious faith. It may repress its expression by the arm of persecution; but human law can never reach the thing itself. It ought not to reach it. The question involved is one that lies between the individual soul and the God of the soul, and not between the soul and the state. The civil power is bound to protect the individual against all infraction of his rights, and then leave him to adjust his own faith upon his responsibility to the God who made him. This is the only principle that can be reconciled with the inalienable rights of a personal conscience in application to religion. Reject it, and the great doctrine of religious liberty is at once in peril.

The sad experience of the world proves, as a question of consequences, that it is best for religion and best for the state that civil government should *let religion alone*, and leave its history to be determined by other influences. Hypocrisy, corruption, ambition, and persecution in both state and church are the usual fruits of crowding religious creeds into the constitution of the state, and extending the powers of the state into the bosom of the church. There may possibly be some world in which the thing can be done with safety; but, if there be any truth in history, this is not that world. All the advantages that have ever been gained by the process are more than a thousand-fold overbalanced by the evils resulting from it. We protest against the whole idea *in thesi*, and we equally protest against it in the light of history. There is no deeper plot of Satan than that which undertakes to commit the definition and regulation of religious faith to the civil power. The further we keep from this idea the safer for the whole people. We want no approaches to it. We accept no proposition which is the incipient stage of it. We like the Constitution of the United States, because it utterly absolves itself from all direct connection with the religion of the land and all the sects who profess it.

There are, moreover, several grave questions that would arise in reducing the theory of these gentlemen to practice. How *much* theology would they have put into the Constitution? Precisely *what* are the theological dogmas to be incorporated in this governmental instrument? What *use* shall be made of them as integral parts of the supreme civil law of the land? Shall they be tests of qualification for office? What laws shall be enacted to give them a living expression? Shall they be merely ornamental beliefs, with no practical character; or shall they be officered by a judicial and executive agency? We anticipate no little difficulty in the solution of these problems when we look at the composition of the American mind, the multiplicity and diversity of Christian sects, and the large number of people—some of whom are religionists—that belong to none of these sects. The people can agree—as we think by an overwhelming majority they do agree—that the Constitution shall leave the question of religion untouched. This is fair and just to all. But, if they were to undertake the work of a religious amendment, they could never come to any common understanding as to the nature and contents of that amendment.

The *practice* of the nation in regard to religion ought to be sufficient to satisfy even the most zealous Christians. While the Government tolerates all religious beliefs, and authoritatively enforces none, it nevertheless appoints Christian chaplains for the army and navy. The two houses of Congress elect chaplains to open their sessions with prayer. Governmental business is for the most part suspended on the Sabbath day. The Bible is used in the administration of a civil oath. The vested rights of religious bodies are protected. In these and the like ways Christianity, as the prevalent religion of the land, is recognized and respected, without any legal declaration, ratification, or enforcement of its dogmas. Its influence upon the Government is felt through its influence upon the people—and, as we believe, better felt than it would be if it were legally engrafted upon the Constitution of the state. This ought to be sufficient. It is all that religion needs, and all that it can safely receive at the hands of government. The general practice of those *moral virtues* which as a part of religion commend the soul to God, and which as the equities and philanthropies of earth benefit the state, is, after all, the best offering which a nation can present to the God of nations.

* The amendment proposed is to insert in the preamble to the Constitution the words printed here in brackets:

"We, the people of the United States [acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler among nations, and his will, revealed in the Holy Scriptures, as of supreme authority, in order to constitute a Christian government,] form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

THE RED BANNER RAISED IN FRANCE.

SOME years ago, orators, schoolboy and otherwise, used to be fond of quoting that splendid rhetorical outburst of Mirabeau's in which he declared that "the last of the Gracchi, when dying, flung dust toward Heaven, and from that dust sprang Marius." Looking at France just now, one is inclined to ask whether the Revolutionary Opposition is not the Marius sprung from the handful of dust which the dying Republic flung toward Heaven. Certainly the situation is full of strange and startling omens. There is actually an Opposition which for mere numbers alone would be counted respectable, even formidable, in any constitutional legislature. Hitherto the only strength of the Opposition has been in its eloquence and its principles; for voting purposes it was utterly useless. Although the elections of six years ago had greatly added to its numbers, since the memorable days of the famous Five—Favre, Ollivier, Picard, Darimon, and Henon—yet the Opposition could not on a division make any decent muster. Even still, of course, the Imperialists have a large and secure majority; but then the numbers of their opponents are no longer small, and, when we consider the rapidity with which they have grown, we must look on them as alarming to the government. This, however, is not a question of number. We all knew that the Opposition was likely to be increased. Not the number, but the nature, of the increase is the thing to wonder at. The Legitimists are gone; that, of course, everybody expected. The Orleanists are gone, utterly gone; and that, we fancy, very few expected. The mere Republicans—the men of whom Favre was the most eloquent spokesman—have almost wholly disappeared. Only the other day we used to think Garnier Pagès rather an extreme, almost an impracticable sort of politician. He was one of the men of 1848; a thorough, ardent, almost one might say a lyrical or sentimental devotee of Republicanism. Yet his services, his reputation, his disinterestedness, his devotion, and his gray hairs have now failed to commend him to a vehement popular party, resolute and unsparing in its passionate hostility. We do not wonder, perhaps, that men of the new generation found Carnot slow; for, although the son of the great man who organized victory, Carnot has neither marked ability nor force of character, and probably commended himself to the electors six years ago mainly because of his indignant refusal to accept the proffered Imperial kindness which would have brought the bones of his illustrious father from their tomb in Brunswick to rest in the soil of France. But that Jules Favre should find it hard to make his way into that assembly where for so many years his eloquence, as exquisitely modulated in tone as it was daring in sentiment, was the only powerful organ of free opinion; that Garnier Pagès should be thrust aside as too slow and timid; that mere Republicanism, in fact, should be elbowed out of the legislature, and sent to keep company with Legitimacy, Orleanism, and such other despised anachronisms—this is, indeed, something to astonish Europe, to send the silent Emperor into hours of profound thought, and perhaps to hasten the Empress's pious pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Thus far the Emperor has borne himself bravely. Kinglake made a blunder when he accused the man of want of courage. If he has not laid the specters of the hour, he has at least faced them. Just as while the crash of Orsini's bombs was yet ringing through the smoke, and confusion, and wild shrieking, and wilder affright of the Rue Lepelletier, one famous evening, the Emperor stepped calmly out of his carriage from the side of his bleeding and bewildered wife, and mounted the steps of the Opera House, and shewed himself bareheaded and unprotected there; so in the present crisis he has had the spirit and the good sense to drive with the Empress unattended through those quarters of Paris where the worst disturbances had taken place. Of course, he was cheered all along the way—his officials always take good care of the *claque*. He has, no doubt, a great many honest admirers among the working population of Paris, and every one likes to see a man show courage and spirit; and so the demonstration was timely and successful, and will read very well in the newspapers. But it will not settle any of the difficulties of the situation. It will not control or affect the one great central fact—that out of the ashes of Orleanism, Bourbonism, and Republicanism has arisen a Revolutionary Opposition which may yet prove to be their avenger. We do not desire to exaggerate the difficulties or the hopes—call them as people may—of the present crisis. The Imperial Bonaparte has got over many wonderful difficulties before now; and may get safely, perhaps even easily, over this. But there are apparently only two ways of satisfying or deceiving the nation. He may make a prompt and bold concession to necessity, and try France with a little genuine liberty. Or he may venture all upon the chances of foreign war. Now this latter would surely be too audacious and perilous a plan to be warranted in the Emperor's mind even by the dangers of the present crisis. There is no Power with whom he could go to war but Prussia; and Prussia is a rough playfellow on whom to try a mere experiment. One might not win, after all, in a war with Prussia, and the Napoleon dynasty could never survive a failure in such a case. Then, again, the chances of getting out of the difficulty by progressive and liberal legislation at home are undoubtedly diminished to a great extent by the peculiar nature of the Opposition which has come into power. What concession in the way of ministerial change or press-emancipation will conciliate the Red Democracy? What care these roarers for the name of king? Europe will watch, as America too will, the events of the next few months with eager interest; but neither Europe nor America is likely to forget that a danger to the Imperial dynasty of France may be a hope for the peace and freedom of the world.

BATHING.

THE City of Notions has, for three or four years last past, put a notion in practice which it would be well for all other cities, and notably our own, to borrow from her book. She has established free baths for men, women, boys, and girls respectively, where opportunity is offered to the poorer classes to indulge in a luxury heretofore mainly confined to the rich. And the privilege has been accepted and used by yearly increasing thousands and tens of thousands. As a sanitary measure, nothing could be better devised; and there can be no doubt that it has had a very appreciable effect on the general health of the city population during the hot months. The same opportunities should be extended during the winter, and doubtless will be within a reasonable time, which should give the blessing of a warm ablution to every human being at moderate intervals for a very small sum, and absolutely free to the very poor. The expense would be more than covered by the decrease of disease and by the labor that would thus be saved to the community, by the lesser demand for poor relief, and by the diminution of drunkenness; for there is no doubt that the morbid thirst for liquor is greatly stimulated, if not originally excited, by the discomfort occasioned by want of cleanliness.

It is certainly the fault of man if he fails to enjoy, and to afford others the means of enjoying, the comforts of personal cleanliness. God has poured the ocean around the earth, and veined its surface everywhere with streams, and caused springs to bubble up from the turf that clothes it, and provided inexhaustible cisterns in its depths; so that the means of purification and health are brought within the reach of all. He has, moreover, so arranged the laws of Nature that man can make living streams flow through every chamber of his dwelling. There is "water, water everywhere," and not merely plenty of drops to drink, but to answer all the purposes of purity and luxury. Only the very poor, herded together in cities, have no sufficient supply or conveniences for these purposes; and these it is the duty of Christian communities to provide them with. The Christian cities, indeed, have everywhere too much neglected the virtue which the earliest and most beautiful rite of their religion should suggest to those having the government of them. They are still far behind the ancient pagans in this respect, though they are beginning slowly and imperfectly to follow in those antique footsteps. We have set an example to the cities of the older world, and are yet far in advance of them in this primary element of true civilization. But even here water is not as abundant or as cheap as it should be. In all our chief cities warnings and threatening intimations are thrown out from time to time to wasteful users. As matters now stand, every consumer should make it part of his moral duty to use this blessing conscientiously and with an eye to others. But we imagine that the aqueducts of Rome never ran dry, though there were four millions of inhabitants, who almost carried bathing to a vice, to be supplied. And we trust that the good time may be coming when there can be no such thing as waste in the use of water, any more than of air.

A vast improvement has taken place in the bathing habits of the comfortable classes within the last thirty years, and we have no doubt that a hundred persons bathe daily now for one that did so then. But we fear that there are still too many, who would hold it foul scorn to be held otherwise than as neat, who think a sprinkling of the hands and face a sufficient baptism for every day, and once a month, or once a week at the oftenest, often enough for the rite of immersion. But this is an unphysiological view of the matter. That wonderful part of the human frame, where everything is fearfully and wonderfully made, the skin, is the chief organ for eliminating the waste matter of the system. For this end it is provided with myriads of tubes conducting to the surface—more than two thousand to every square inch, and we are afraid to say how many miles in length, if placed end to end in a line. These ducts, to do their duty, must have their outer mouths free from obstructions. In consequence of the prejudice the race has contracted in favor of wearing clothes, these obstructions are always accumulating there, and can only be effectually cleared away by daily washing and friction. And this duty rewards itself at once by the cheerfulness and alacrity of spirits which follow its discharge.

The luxury of the Turkish or the Russian bath—for they are substantially the same thing—has been translated to our shores; and they who have enjoyed its manipulations can speak of the delightful sensations which attend them. But it is an expensive luxury, beyond the means of the many, and only to be an occasional enjoyment to those who can afford it. But an approach, at least, to these delicious sensations—which are simply those of perfect health, which Nature intended we should always enjoy—may be had daily at small expense. The expense of a formal bathing-room is unnecessary. Some kind of a tub, a gallon of cold water, if you please, a quart of hot, a bit of soap, and plenty of coarse towels, is all that is necessary. What the French call a *savonnade*, or lathering, with the hot water, followed by affusions of the cold, and ending with a brisk abstersion with the coarse towels, will seem to extract all the gravitation from the body, and to make it appear quite as easy to walk through the air as on the earth. This is because the skin has been freed from the excretions of the blood and the exfoliations of the outer skin, and restored to its normal estate, so that it can breathe freely. These suggestions, of course, are meant only for persons in average health. But we fancy few persons able to go about their business would be harmed by trying the process we suggest.

THE PEACE JUBILEE.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO "THE INDEPENDENT."]

BOSTON, June 15th, 1869.

BOSTON is crowded as never before. The Coliseum is finished; the big trumpets, big fiddles, big choir, and big audience are waiting for the big occasion. Farragut is here; Grant is expected. Parepa-Rosa has tuned her voice, the cannon are loaded, the anvils in position; flags are flying, and all things are ready. Jubilee calicoes are in the shop-windows; jubilee bouquets are offered at the street-corners; jubilee drinks (not intoxicating) are in special demand. Jubilee performances on the big organ are advertised for every day in Music Hall. Jubilee amusements and side-shows can be seen everywhere; all the railroads have jubilee trains, at jubilee prices. Jubilee private dinners, jubilee parties, jubilee receptions are all the rage. Jubilee excursions and jubilee military parades will occur daily. All the newspapers have a jubilee, with each a jubilee extra, containing all the jubilee news. Of course, I am slightly jubilant, and may be more so before Saturday. Well, this Jubilee is a grand affair, worthy of the occasion and of old Boston. While all combinations of musical sound are being poured forth, like the voice of many waters, our proclamation to all the world is, Lend your ears, and unite in the grand chorus: Let us have Peace! Long live Gilmore!

H. C. B.

THE POSTAL LESSON IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WE have before called attention to the important light which the experiment of penny postage has thrown on that principle of political economy which treats of the influence which a reduction of prices of production exerts upon the consumption of products. It is the great secret of modern economical improvement, and is not half as much studied as it ought to be. And there is no experiment which has been carried on with such remarkable success as in the case of penny postage. The average rate of postage on letters in the English post-office, prior to the introduction of penny postage in 1840, was eight pence per letter. And the number of letters sent by mail was about seventy millions yearly. The rate of postage was lowered seven-eighths at a jump, and the effect has been that the number of letters has increased more than eleven fold. More letters are now sent in a day than used to be sent in ten days. And the increase is still going on. The spring that is given to business, the greater diffusion of knowledge, the increase of social intercourse, refinement, and happiness, that this increased correspondence has created, no arithmetic can calculate.

A similar illustration has just been furnished by the Atlantic Cable. When the Cable was first laid down, the charge for messages was fixed at the exorbitant rate of £20, or one hundred dollars, for each message of ten words. The New York *Herald's* messages averaged £100 a day, and the average receipts per day was £505 —about $2,500 in gold. The daily average of messages was 20. The next year the charge was reduced one-half; the daily average number of messages rose to 60, and the receipts per day were £579. Reduction of rate, 50 per cent.; increase of messages, 120 per cent.; increase of receipts, 14 per cent. The next year the rate was again reduced, Dec. 1st, 1867, to £5 5s., or $26.25, per message; and the average number was run up to 131 daily, and the daily receipts to £635. Increase of messages, 100 per cent.; of receipts, 10 per cent. From Sept. 1st, 1868, the rate was £3 7s. 6d.; which carried the average of messages to 218, and of receipts to £935. Increase of messages, 66 per cent.; of receipts, 3 per cent. On the 1st of June, current, there was a further reduction of the charge to £2, or ten dollars, for each message of ten words, adding one dollar for each additional word. A still further reduction is made in favor of newspapers, conveying political and general news at two shillings sterling, or fifty cents gold, for each word. We understand that Mr. Cyrus Field has constantly urged upon the directors this liberal policy of reduced rates; and it must be highly gratifying to him to see the complete success of his views. We have no doubt a similar result will follow this last reduction. Taken in connection with the continual influx of Europeans to this country, and the vast number of Americans who are now visiting in the Old World, there must be a prodigious increase of correspondence by Cable. And we shall not be surprised to see that the results of this last reduction will encourage the directors to another reduction, and then another; so that, eventually, the rate may be as low as one shilling per word, or twenty-five cents in gold.

These reductions in Cable rates only render more imperative the introduction of ocean penny postage. And, now that the English postal authorities have virtually given it up, as a thing beyond their capacity to comprehend or manage, the whole matter returns with ten-fold weight upon our own post-office department. The interests of civilization, the cries of friendship, the necessities of commerce on two continents cry aloud with imperative tones for American penny postage on land and sea.

There is another principle in economics beautifully developed in these experiments of cheap mails and telegraphs. It is seen how much more slowly the expense of management increases than the amount of business done under the cheapening process. And, by consequence, the profits of business increase in inverse proportion to the reduction of price. The net revenue of the English post-office, which had been stationary for twenty years under the old system, began to increase as soon as penny postage had time to show its effects, and has steadily increased up to the present time; showing the vital energy of cheap production to be really inexhaustible. This is the philosophy of the wise old proverb that "the nimble sixpence beats the slow shilling." It is the law of social development, established by the beneficence of the Creator, as a motive to the highest exercise of invention, energy, and enterprise; so that sloth, timidity, and self-satisfaction are perpetually distanced and driven off the field by the success of the earnest and eager minds. The great prizes of this life are in this respect like to the kingdom of heaven—"The violent take it by force." It is impossible to doubt that cheap postage, like all other wise expedients for increasing human enjoyment, by continually cheapening the product of its means, falls in with the designs of heaven as to the world's progress in all that is good and noble.

Editorial Notes.

LAST week the American Institute of Homœopathy celebrated in Boston its twenty-fifth anniversary. And, with the aid of the doctors and people of Massachusetts and Boston, a royal time they had of it! The headquarters of the Institute were at Horticultural Hall, where about 400 delegates and members congregated, spending morning and afternoon in business conferences, with an hour at noon for a collation in the lower hall. The numerous institutions of the city and vicinity, by cordial invitations to the Institute, afforded entertainment and instruction for every spare hour. On the evening of Tuesday, the first day of the session, the oration by President Ludlam, of Chicago—subject, "Woman and Homœopathy"—foreshadowed the vote by which, on the last day, women were declared eligible to membership. On Wednesday evening the city of Boston received the Institute at a dress levee in Music Hall—Mayor Shurtleff, himself an allopathic doctor, gracefully welcoming the members in the name of the city. Music, dancing, and an excellent supper entertained until the small hours of morning the genial company, among whom were many of the notables of Boston society. A part of the entertainment was the reading of an ode written for the occasion by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Think of it! Twenty-seven years ago, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes pronounced in Boston a lecture which he believed would prove a death-blow to homœopathy; and *now* 400 homœopathists are welcomed as the city's guests! On Thursday evening, the Massachusetts Homœopathic Medical Society gave a dinner to the Institute and some distinguished citizens. Among the speakers on this most joyous occasion were President Harris, of the city councils, Secretary of State Warner, in behalf of the Governor, Gen. Benham and Admiral Thacher, Hon. Samuel Slack, and Wm. Whiting, Esq., and our dear friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who was received by the Institute with applause and cheers, the members rising *en masse* to express their love and reverence for the great reformer. Of course, the doctors had something to say for themselves. Time fails to speak of what they did or said at their meetings. Will it not all be published in their volume of transactions?—which, if it be next year so slightly and well-edited a volume as appeared this year under the hand of the scholarly and hard-working secretary, Talbot, of Boston, will be a work of which any society might be proud. But we must call especial attention to the vote of 84 to 35, by which the Institute honored itself, on the last day of its session; declaring that "properly qualified physicians, *men or women*, are eligible to membership." To a large class of the community this will seem the most important act of the session.

....The most shocking specimen of sectarian bitterness which we have seen for many a day is that displayed by the *Occident* (Presbyterian), of San Francisco. Instead of welcoming the effort of the Congregational Union to raise $100,000 this year for building churches in destitute sections, it thus inconsiderately speaks its atrabilious mind:

"The announcement that the Congregational Union will spend $100,000 on new churches in the West sends a chill of anguish to the heart of many a poor Presbyterian or Methodist minister who has toiled for years to plant the Gospel in the desolate places. Amid what privation, by what self-denial, under what discouragement have they struggled on. But now comes a rival denomination, a new church—puffery of the new, denunciation of the former things. The little flock is assailed and divided. The children are enticed to a different Sunday School. More tears, dearly beloved partners in our early work! More poverty in the household! More alienations in the church. But then they have good laughs at the meetings of the Union in Boston and New York. And we—God be thanked—have a Redeemer who ever liveth to make intercession for us."

If such sentiments toward other earnest churches are to be the first fruits of Presbyterian union, let us have none of it. But we will not believe it. The responsible journals of the denomination will be the first to rebuke the unchristian jealousy and slander.

....After all, it seems now somewhat doubtful whether the English House of Lords will really make a determined fight against the Irish Church Bill. Several of the Tory peers have followed the wise counsel of the Marquis of Salisbury; and even an English prelate has had the good sense to recommend moderation. Perhaps then the great fight will not come off, although Lord Derby is still supposed to have his heart set on resistance. Gathorne Hardy, who has lately in the House of Commons shown a disposition to contest the Conservative leadership with Disraeli, has just made a speech of the old and genuine no-surrender style. Gathorne Hardy is decidedly the foremost man in the House of Commons of that growing section among the Tories who dislike and distrust Disraeli, and believe that the only safety of Toryism is the hoisting of the old flag and fighting round it "to the utterance." He is a speaker of marvelous fluency and no ideas; a country gentleman with the old-fashioned education of the universities, and nothing more. In point of intellect he is, of course, utterly below Disraeli or Salisbury; but he is for that very reason all the more likely leader for the party he wishes to lead. Still, as matters now stand, the chances seem to be that the Lords will not make a genuine fight—which, on the whole, is rather a pity, seeing what happy results to the country an unteachable obstinacy on their part might bring about.

....The largest Episcopal church in Chicago has no sympathy with Bishop Whitehouse, but is quite evangelical. The pastor, Rev. Charles E. Cheney, has been in the habit of omitting the word "regenerate" in the office for baptism of infants. On this fact coming to the knowledge of the Bishop, he called on Mr. Cheney, and allowed him seven days to decide whether or not he would restore the word. Mr. Cheney refused; and now the bishop is preparing to have him tried as soon as possible for the crime of omitting the questionable word which asserts baptismal regeneration. There seems to be a spice of malice in the Bishop's conduct, as Mr. Cheney had attempted at a late convention to have him impeached and some of his real estate speculations investigated. This new issue will stiffen the backs of the friends of Prayer-Book revision, who meet in convention this week in Chicago. We understand that a committee has the matter of revision in hand, and will report an amended Prayer-Book, which will be employed by some of its friends without waiting for the sanction of bishops or general conventions.

....The French elections have passed off amid tumult and storm, which sometimes seemed to threaten actual insurrection. In Paris, Lyons, Amiens, and other cities there was very serious disturbance. The results of the elections are such as to startle and shock devoted Imperialists. Instead of the famous opposition of five (Jules Favre, Ollivier, Picard, and two others), which for so many sessions alone stood out against the government, there is now an opposition of something like 100. But the most serious feature of the business is that the opposition is entirely of an extreme character. Red Republicanism lifts its banner again—this is the crowning of the edifice! Men like Jules Favre had hard work to regain their places, being regarded as too moderate. Brave old Garnier Pagès, one of the Republican Government of 1848, has been beaten by a man of fiercer sentiments. The Orleanists are nowhere; the moderate Liberals are nowhere. France stands between the devil and the deep sea, to cite an old phrase—between the Imperialists and the Socialists. Rumor says that the Emperor is a good deal alarmed at the turn things have taken, and is racking his brain to find a policy which may carry him through.

....Mrs. Livermore, of the Chicago *Agitator*—herself a Massachusetts woman by birth—was surprised to find, during her recent visit to New England, so many striking evidences of the progress of the cause of woman's rights. She says:

"I was not prepared for the advanced condition of public sentiment in Massachusetts on the question of woman suffrage. The work in the New England States has progressed so rapidly and quietly that, living in the noisier, more bustling, and rushing West, I had taken no note of the change. I have really and absolutely not met with a single opponent or enemy of woman's enfranchisement during the two weeks I have been in New England. Of course, there are plenty of them, and of those to no one more than enemies—people who are so indifferent to it that they will 'neither quarrel nor kiss,' but stand absolutely neutral. But it is a significant fact that, going into a new town every day, as I have thus far, to assist at woman-suffrage meetings and conventions, and speaking publicly in its advocacy night after night, the discussions being taken along into private houses and into the railway-cars, while we have been traveling, I have yet heard no word of opposition. Some are doubtful of its accomplishing anything to the advantage of women, some deprecate it mildly; but all appear to believe it 'bound to come, even now at the doors,' and refrain from active opposition."

....A "National Christian Convention," opposed to secret societies, was held last week in Chicago. We have seen a report of only the first day's proceedings. About 50 persons, says the Chicago *Tribune*, responded to the call at the first session, which was opened with devotional exercises, Rev. David Edwards, Bishop of the "United Brethren" Church, Rev. Moses Thacher (a veteran of the anti-Masonic war of 1830-4), taking part. Rev. Mr. Roy ("Pilgrim") read a paper on secret societies, denouncing them as "barnacles on the Gospel ship," and opposed to the welfare of society. Bishop Edwards also delivered an address, in which he opposed all secret societies, including those formed in the interest of temperance, as contrary to the spirit and requirements of Christianity.

....*The Chicagoan*, a literary weekly started one year ago by Mr. H. N. F. Lewis, has changed its name to *The Universe*, and widened its scope so as to embrace the advocacy of woman's rights and kindred reforms. It will not even ignore the question of Spiritualism, a paper being announced from Robert Dale Owen, entitled "Spiritualism a Moral and Social Necessity." *The Universe* will be published in Chicago.

Personal.

A PLEASANT company came together a few days since, in Norwich, Ct.—that beautiful New England town—to celebrate the golden wedding of our long-esteemed friends, Col. and Mrs. Geo. L. Perkins. What the first of June, 1819, was we would not venture to confess that we remembered; but this year it was all that, for so happy a celebration, could have been desired. Fifty years has made no slight changes, which those whose reminiscences reached so far back attempted to make known. The costume of the couple was not the same; while the cars which enabled distant friends to be present recalled to some the lumbering old stage-coach in which they were carried to the first festival. A brief and impressive religious service by the Rev. Mr. Dana, assisted by Dr. Bond, in which the twain reaffirmed their early marriage covenants, preceded and appropriately introduced the social intercourse and friendly congratulations of the evening. A straighter man for his years we think was never seen; few certainly can be found whose vigor thirty years of railroad financiering has so little diminished, while the cares incident to so long a married life had touched with a kindly grace her who had patiently borne what had fallen to her lot. We presented our greetings with a certain pride of race, encouraged to think that there were those of mortal kin who could stand up in such unimpaired strength, and, though crowned with half a century's experience, start toward the diamond wedding with unabated hope. Flowers in profusion made fragrant the hours spent in honoring those who thus faithfully and happily had walked together fifty years. And as we departed we could but marvel at the beauty of age, whose usual symptoms of weakness and decay Nature here had so kindly conspired to retard or kept deftly hidden from view. Goodly is the sight of wedded love tempered and tested by fifty seasons, and still enduring fresh and strong.

....Charles Fechter, the tragedian, is coming from London to New York in a few months. Fechter's is a curious history. He is of German extraction, French education, and English birth. When a mere child, he was taken to France, and always lived there until within the last few years. He had great artistic tastes, and at one time meant to become a sculptor. Even still he does a good deal as an amateur in the sculptor's art. He went on the stage, however, and became very successful; his great hit being made in the dramatized version of the younger Dumas's "Dame aux Camelias." In 1860 he came to London, and played in Victor

News of the Week.

THE most important items of foreign intelligence that have been sent over the submarine telegraph wires since the battle of Sadowa are those relating to what may properly be called the new revolution in France. The revolution has actually developed itself, and in a manner which must convince the astute ruler of Frenchmen that his power has culminated, and his sun has already begun its downward movement. There have been riotous gatherings in Montmartre, and the Marseillaise has been heard in the streets of Paris at midnight; but the Emperor's power to suppress mobs is complete, and he readily stopped the Marseillaise. But he cannot prevent Frenchmen from thinking; and that their thoughts are now earnestly in opposition to his personal interests he has the most convincing evidence in the results of the elections in Paris. The opposition which has thus manifested itself betokens an actual revolution which is more dangerous to the Imperial authority than any manifestations of a riotous nature in the streets. Ballots are more potent than barricades or bullets. The army itself cannot remain indifferent to the popular will; and, when it finds the people and emperor are on opposite sides, it will not be long before the bayonets will be found defending the ballots. That has always been the way in France. The *Journal des Débats* briefly sums up the results of the elections, showing how surely and rapidly the change of popular sentiment has been effected in Paris. Thus in 1852 the votes given to official candidates in Paris were 132,000; in 1857, 111,018; in 1863, 83,500; in 1869, 77,557. On the other hand, in 1852 the Opposition vote was 86,101; in 1857, 101,207; in 1863, 149,406; and in 1869, 234,186. These are very significant figures. The same changes are observable throughout France, and show that in six years the strength of the Opposition has increased nearly a million of votes. It will take but a short time at this rate to put the Opposition in power in the Chambers. It is a significant fact that on Monday last the great Haussman, the prefect of the Seine, under whose magnificent administration Paris has been rebuilt and made the great attraction of the earth, resigned his official functions. He has scented the coming change, and retired for safety.

....Ismail Pasha, who is making the tour of Europe, had an interview with the Emperor Napoleon on Monday last.

....Spain remains without a monarch; but the Duke de Montpensier is on hand, waiting to be called to the throne.

....Our old friend of the *New Nation*, General Clusseret, after having had the honor of being sent to prison for his attacks on the government, has now had the additional honor of being expelled from France by the Emperor. He was to leave Havre for New York this week. He used to find a good deal of fault with General Grant for his conduct in the Wilderness; but the President will not expel him from this country, even if he should continue his adverse criticisms on his return.

....Cuban affairs are without any important change, except that the want of harmony among the Spaniards may be construed as favorable to the revolutionary Cubans. It is reported from Havana that a meeting of Spaniards has been held to consider the propriety of sending a commission to President Cespedes to propose a mutual respect for and preservation of lives and property. Some such measure must be highly necessary. The Havana dispatches of Monday say: "A Spanish soldier, who has returned from the scene of active operations, says that the patriots kill on an average about 3,000 monthly of the Spanish forces, and that disease is also making great havoc among them."

....In the Constituent Cortes on Saturday General Prim, in reply to a question, said that no king would come forward in the present state of uncertainty. When the regency was settled, there would be plenty of candidates. He regretted the refusal of Fernando of Portugal, but thought it was not irrevocable.

....President Gaunt is moving about very rapidly from place to place where there are public festivities going on. He attended the naval ball at Annapolis, the military hop and cadet examination at West Point, and this week he will be the lion of the Peace Jubilee in Boston.

....A great public meeting in opposition to the Irish Church bill was held in Dublin on Monday. A riot took place between the people and police in Skandon, near Cork, on the river Dee.

....We learn from Washington that the State Department has become seriously alarmed for the safety of Minister McMahon. Commander Kirkland thinks he is a prisoner. McMahon's sisters are at Buenos Ayres, and are so alarmed that they have demanded the intervention of the State Department. Lopez, it is said, refuses to receive flags of truce, and has fired upon several.

....The miners and laborers of the Pennsylvania anthracite coal-fields, who suspended on the 10th ult., have met and resolved "that on or after the 10th inst. all districts or branches which can agree with their employers as to a basis and condition of resumption shall resume work."

....It is announced from Paris that the Duke de Persigny has written a letter to M. Ollivier on the subject of further liberal reforms. He says that the empire and freedom are not incompatible—a just, firm government can bear the existence of every liberty.

....A meeting of the superintendents of the several state lunatic asylums of the United States took place at Stanton, Va., on Tuesday, for the purpose of consultation regarding the treatment of lunatics, etc. This meeting was the first of the kind ever held in this country at which so numerous an assembly of persons proficient in the treatment of the insane met to compare views.

....A Sioux City dispatch says: "General Burbank, of Dacotah, is now here purchasing supplies for the destitute Indians. Since General Harney distributed the Omaha supplies at Whitestone, on the Grand River Reservation, the Indians have remained quiet, but at Cheyenne River they show signs of dissatisfaction, and are inclined to cause trouble."

....A Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says, on the authority of Senator Ross, of Kansas, that there is not a little probability of a coalition between Andy Johnson and Parson Brownlow in Tennessee politics, and that the ex-president stands a very fair chance of going to the United States Senate under the Parson's auspices. It is well enough to bear in mind that Senator Ross cannot be regarded as very high authority in such a matter as this.

....Judge Blatchford has decided that the recall of the pardon which was made out in the last days of President Johnson's administration for the two Deputys, in prison for whisky frauds, was legal, and they must therefore remain imprisoned.

....In the Canadian House of Commons on Saturday the bill granting additional subsidy to Nova Scotia as an inducement to keep her in the Confederation was adopted, with an amendment making the subsidy payable July 1st, 1869.

....The President has issued a proclamation abolishing discriminating duties upon merchandise imported from the country of its origin in French vessels, in reciprocity for a decree of the French Emperor similar in purport and relating to American vessels.

....The Repeal league Convention, which has been sitting in Halifax, adjourned on Saturday, having decided to make annexation its policy.

....The Indians in Arizona are giving a good deal of trouble. We have accounts that about 300 Indians attacked a train of nine wagons and eighty mules, laden with Government supplies for Camp Grant. A small force of soldiers went to the assistance of the train, but the Indians compelled them to retreat, with a loss of three killed and three wounded.

....At the dinner given to ex-Governor Curtin, in Philadelphia, on Saturday, prior to his departure for Russia, Count Bodisco, charge d'affaires of the Russian legation, said that the sympathies of his government during our late rebellion were with the Federal Government, and read a letter from the Czar expressing his gratification at the success of the Union arms and the election of Gen. Grant to the presidency.

Publisher's Department.

THE SIMILITUDE OF A PALACE.

WE leave it for moralists to discuss how far it is right to spend money on useless elegancies; we only chronicle the fact that our own country is becoming the best market in the world for jewels, and paintings, and bronzes. The amount of money lavished on beautiful things is almost fabulous. We have a very large class of wealthy people in all our large cities and towns—men and woman of taste, who love to make their homes beautiful. Although we have no kings and princes, whose enormous purchases of *bijouterie* we can rival, the aggregate amount of these elegant luxuries purchased in this country is larger than in France or England.

We visited last week an establishment in this city (Tiffany's) the largest in the world in this line of business. Their stores are so crowded with every beautiful thing that we do not wonder that they are impatient to move to the new and spacious edifice which they are building on Union Square. There they will have a place worthy of them, and which will be unequaled even in the palace cities of Europe. On entering their present store, our eyes first fell on a little square showcase, in which were displayed the finest gems that are for sale in the United States. There was a simple ring, with one large and dazzling diamond, with the price marked in plain figures, "$5,000 gold," or $7,000 in currency. What think you of that, blooming Miss Betsy Jane, just come in from the milking? The woman whose fond husband buys her that little circlet will wear on her finger a greater value than your father's whole farm! Near the ring lay a necklace. It did not have much gold in it. It was very simple; but there were a dozen or two large diamonds, and the price was marked "$56,000 gold!" And does it pay to keep such jewels? Can they be sold? Certainly. There are many rich men who like to see their wives adorned with jewels, and there are even more women who love to wear them. And, if it will please her to swing them on her neck, there is more than one man rich enough to throw away the $78,000 in currency that will give his wife the pleasure. In that same little square case were beautiful blue sapphires, and green emeralds, and fiery opals; and, though Betsy Jane's father can't buy them for her, yet if, when she comes into the city some Saturday with her Joe John, they will venture five steps into 550 Broadway, they shall see spread out before them on those three square feet gold, and cameos, and jewels that are worth over a quarter of a million of dollars, but not a quarter so much as John's love and Betsy's faith. Were they to venture further (and no one would repulse them, even though they had no thought of buying), they would see long rows of burnished silver plate, tea-sets and dinner-sets, fruit-baskets and *epergnes* (Betsy, you will have to look that word out in your dictionary, and then will not understand it; it represents a plane of luxury above your observation), and a hundred other curious things of shimmering silver, or lined with gold, on standards and pedestals, or forking out in graceful branches, adorned with medallion portraits, or bearing clusters of silver grapes, or supported by chubby Cupids or scaly Tritons, or traced with exquisite drawings of classic or modern art.

And where does Tiffany buy all these beautiful things? Do they come from his establishment in Paris? Not at all. Go to the upper story, and you will find Mr. Whitehouse, in his very face a student and an artist, drawing pictures. Up there are these elegant designs contrived, and it would be difficult elsewhere to find a more refined and exquisite taste engaged in fashioning beautiful things. Pass over then to the manufactory, on another street, and you will find ponderous machinery rolling out heavy bars of silver, stout smiths making brass or wooden moulds, and others making silver castings. You will see spoons and forks speedily fashioned into shape. There a workman is spinning out a flat plate of silver into some hollow form, as if it were clay on a potter's wheel. There another is turning it with a lathe, and a stream of silver shavings is flying off. There another is soldering the handles on a soup tureen; and a dozen more are polishing and chasing the ware which has just been taken from a cleansing acid solution. We have not time to go through all the processes; but that silver-ware is all designed and finished within a few rods of Tiffany's store, and not another retail dealer in the country makes his own work in his own establishment. It is just so with jewelry. Those diamonds and opals are all set here, and 400 workmen are employed constantly in the service of the firm.

What surprises us is the immense variety there is of goods, and of each kind of goods. Of bronzes they receive specimens of everything that is made by all the celebrated manufacturers of Paris; for in this department we are still dependent on Europe. Nothing is so expensive but it is brought here and finds a purchaser; and Paris contains no equally complete collection. The department of chandeliers is a study by itself, and they are made in the establishment. The collection of Japanese goods is very large, and includes bronzes, and lacquered ware, and immense vases, such as there is not the skill to make elsewhere. Or, if a lady wants note-paper or envelopes stamped with her monogram, or wedding cards, or if some note of invitation is to be ornamented with exquisite art, no more finished work could be obtained by sending across the Atlantic. Or, if some common body wants a dozen silver spoons, they can nowhere be obtained cheaper, and are sure to be of the highest standard of purity and elegance of workmanship. The firm pays for its silver at the rate of $1 35 (gold) per ounce. It sells at one price, charging its retail customers no more than its wholesale, and just $1 75 per ounce, allowing 40 cents to cover all the expense of manufacture, waste, and profit. There are plain figures on every article and a single price.

We shall be glad to visit Tiffany & Co. when they have moved into their new store, which will be a very comfortable, home-like palace. But we advise our readers who want to see pretty things, even though they can no more purchase them than they could stars and sunset clouds, not to wait, but to see them where they now are, at 550 and 552 Broadway.

THE ADVANCE.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT IT.

THE ADVANCE has taken its position as a leading national religious journal, and is moving steadily forward to a great and good success. It is a standing proof that it is not necessary for a religious paper to be either dull, prosy, and sectarian, or worldly, sensational, and flashy.

Prof. Geo. B. Jewett, of Salem, Mass., after saying that THE ADVANCE is conducted with much wisdom, tact, and ability, adds: "It is a paper which I always read with lively interest and great satisfaction."

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher says that of the two best religious papers published THE ADVANCE is one. In the same connection Mr. Beecher adds that, "as cattle thrive on a change of pasture, so people should occasionally change their papers."

The Sentinel, of Lawrence, Mass., thinks THE ADVANCE is "in all respects a most excellent paper, and worthy the support of the whole nation."

Doctor Horace Bushnell thinks THE ADVANCE "one of the ablest, best, and most outspoken religious journals ever published."

Henry Ward Beecher writes: "Although I take six or seven other religious papers, I must have THE ADVANCE," and likens it to "a wind from across the prairie, fragrant and refreshing."

The New York Evangelist, *The Boston Congregationalist*, and *The Christian Advocate* give their united testimony to the excellence of THE ADVANCE.

A SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE.

THE GLOBE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK was organized in June, 1864, by a few gentlemen of this city who believed that the time had come for an important improvement in the system of Life Insurance. Mr. Pliny Freeman, now the president of the company, had a few years before introduced his plan of issuing policies, which should be paid up in full in ten annual premiums, and should not be forfeited, under certain conditions, but only reduced in amount by the failure to maintain the annual payments. This plan obtained at once the general approval of the public, and was adopted by all the leading companies, as renewing in part that fear of forfeiting the whole investment which has kept so many from insuring their lives at all. The Globe extended this principle to its logical conclusion, making all its policies non-forfeitable; and the value of the improvement is attested by the fact that, although the company is only five years old, it has already seen its plan adopted by nearly all the large and successful associations of the kind around it.

In all other respects, too, this Company adopted the most liberal course that could be reconciled with justice. It simplified its business very much by doing away with most of the restrictions upon residence and travel, and exceptions as to the manner of death, which used to cover, in small print, the whole back of a policy issued by the older companies. When it is remembered that the risk of the association is the death of the assured, it is evident that, however great an interest a member has in establishing a claim against it, he has a still stronger interest the other way. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Acting on this commonsense view, the Company believe that, on the average, a sane, healthy man, such as they insure, can take as good care of his own life as they could take for him. They resolved to trust their members in this respect, and not to concern themselves at all with the place of residence or the line of travel which they may select; and, since no man ever took his own life for mere money, they looked upon suicide itself as a disease, and accepted the risk of it as fully as that of accident or pestilence. The results have fully justified their views, as we are glad to learn; and the Company have paid nearly half a million of dollars to the widows and orphans of deceased members, not only without disputing a claim, but without any reason to suppose that their losses have been increased by the liberality of their contracts. On the contrary, their expenses are diminished, by doing away with much useless machinery of permits and conditions.

The Globe has just removed from the corner of Broadway and Fulton street to the great marble store of Devlin, on the corner of Warren street, opposite the City Hall Park. Their business has grown during this short history of five years far beyond that of any other company of the same age ever known; and it was, of course, impossible to transact it any longer in the confined offices they had occupied. With an accumulated capital of two millions of dollars to be cared for, and with new contracts assuring more than a million to be executed every month, more room and more convenient arrangements were necessary. These are provided in the first and second floors of the great Devlin building, although it is not likely that these offices will contain the Company more than half of the five years for which their lease is taken. At the rate of growth hitherto experienced, the Globe will actually have in hand, when the five years expire, more than twenty millions of dollars as a fund to secure its policies, and will be issuing new assurances to the amount of seventy-six millions of dollars a year.

There is one respect in which the caution of this company appears in a striking light. They might have erected a building suitable in all respects for their business. But there were two objections. A building which would suit them now would be outgrown in a year; yet they have no right to go to a vast outlay in preparing for business before it comes, but are bound to proportion all expenses to actual present necessities. Besides, real estate is now far more costly than ever before; its value is enormously inflated by speculation, and by the temporary depreciation of the currency. But the first duty of a Mutual Assurance Company, as a trustee of its members—particularly in its earlier years—is to keep their funds unimpaired; and it has no right to speculate with them. The Globe, therefore, runs no risks by purchasing real estate at present inflated prices; but in all its investments aims, first of all, to make sure that every dollar of the funds entrusted to it shall remain, whatever convulsions the trade of the country may suffer. Its managers assure us that even a sudden return to specie payments would not in the least affect its security or even impair its assets.

With this interesting history, and conducted on these bold but sound and scientific principles, the Globe Life Insurance Company may certainly be regarded as one of the permanent financial institutions of the country; one of that beneficent class in which business is linked with the higher interests of man, which takes away the worst of the earthly terrors of death, which already materially diminishes the sum of human anxiety and suffering, and which is destined to be still more important and useful in that higher civilization when its fundamental principle shall be accepted as at once the highest law of political economy and the binding command of religion—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

O.

EASTERN TRAVEL.—We call attention to the advertisement in another column of the Boston line of travel *via* Newport and Fall River, now under the management of Mr. James Fisk, Jr. The steamers on this route—the *Bristol* and the *Providence*—are the finest in the world; and to all their other attractions Mr. Fisk has added a daily promenade concert by Dodworth's celebrated orchestra, including brass, stringed, and reed bands. These boats run daily, Sundays included, leaving pier 30 at 5 P. M. On every Saturday night one of the steamers will stop at Newport, returning to New York on Sunday night. The steamers *Newport* and *Old Colony*, of the same line, leave pier 28, on alternate days, for Newport, at 6.30 P. M., for the accommodation of such passengers as wish to remain in New York till after 5 o'clock. The attractions of this line, under the new management, are certainly unrivaled, and a credit to American enterprise.

THE ADVANCE.

THIS paper, whose reputation reaches far beyond its circulation, will be sent to any address from June to January—seven months—for ONE DOLLAR. This is an excellent opportunity to make its acquaintance. Letters should be addressed to

THE ADVANCE COMPANY,
Chicago.

BUSINESS DIRECTORIES.

NEARLY every large mercantile house has frequent occasion to refer to a Business Directory of other states and cities than those of their own neighborhood, and hardly know where to obtain any of sufficiently accurate character.

We would refer them to Messrs. Sampson, Davenport & Co., of Boston, Mass., who publish a large number of directories, and as a rule keep on hand for sale nearly all that are published in the United States.

We are indebted to them for copies of their New England Business Directory, and also for their New York State Directory. Both are indispensable volumes for business reference.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The standard literary magazine of the country, with a corps of contributors unexcelled by any magazine in the world. "An honor to American literature." We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2.50—and the *Atlantic Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*) who will send us $5.50; or we will send the *Atlantic Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Monthly*—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy.

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and unprecedented popularity.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *The Galaxy* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The Galaxy*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *The Galaxy* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute information in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Hearth and Home,

an Illustrated Weekly of sixteen large handsome pages, for the Farm, Garden, and Fireside, edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, meets with universal favor from all classes of readers in town and country.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Hearth and Home* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Hearth and Home*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Hearth and Home* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

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Carpenter's Book,

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), orto any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is, spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S

Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled

"Authors of the United States."

HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 35 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING.	BANCROFT.
BRYANT.	PARKE GODWIN.
COOPER.	MOTLEY.
LONGFELLOW.	BEECHER.
MISS SEDGWICK.	CURTIS.
MRS. SIGOURNEY.	EMERSON.
MRS. SOUTHWORTH.	R. H. DANA.
MITCHELL.	MARGARET FULLER (OSSOLI).
WILLIS.	CHANNING.
HOLMES.	MRS. STOWE.
KENNEDY.	MRS. KIRKLAND.
MRS. MOWATT RITCHIE.	WHITTIER.
ALICE CAREY.	LOWELL.
PRENTICE.	BOKER.
G. W. KENDALL.	BAYARD TAYLOR.
MORRIS.	GAZE.
POE.	STODDARD.
F. PENDLETON COOKE.	MRS. AMELIA WELBY.
TUCKERMAN.	GALLAGHER.
HAWTHORNE.	COZZENS.
SIMMS.	HALLECK.
HOFFMAN.	
PRESCOTT.	

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $4,500, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—except to places where *overland rates* are charged. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Grover & Baker SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR 1869.

Sewing Machines Given Away BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER TO Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER, AND TO EVERY PERSON Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of the machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.* On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be made comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time.

There are very few purchassable *household* articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest on the investment; but among them we must put down first a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress, with exact eye and tireless fingers, not only performs over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, the benevolent to the poor, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best;* because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in its winding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must be in with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER.
No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

NOTICES.

THE programme for Commencement Week at *Union College* is as follows:

On Sunday, June 27th, at 5 o'clock P. M., Rev. David McAllister, A. M., of Walton, N. Y., will address the Theological Society in the Presbyterian church.

On Monday, June 28th, at 7½ P. M., Henry Compton, LL.D., President of Lehigh University, Pa., will deliver an oration before the Literary Societies, in the Presbyterian church.

On Tuesday, June 29th, Alumni Day, at 9 A. M., the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. At 11 A. M., the business meeting of the Alumni Association. At 2 P. M., the Alumni Association will hold their annual reunion in the College chapel.

At 7½ P. M., literary exercises by the Sophomore and Junior Classes, in the Presbyterian church.

On Wednesday, June 30th, at 10 A. M., the Commencement Exercises will be held in the Presbyterian church.

MARRIED.

THOMSON—PHILIPS.—On Thursday, June 10th, by the Rev. E. P. Hatfield, D.D., Henry T. Thomson and Ellen A., daughter of Samuel Phillips, Esq., of New York.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish AND Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 31, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

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YOKES.

BY ROBERT L. BANGS,

PRINCIPAL OF THE MICHIGAN INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AND THE BLIND.

EVERY one who has lived on a farm (and we pity the luckless individual who has not spent a part of his life there) knows that oxen are joined together when work is required of them by means of a yoke. Whoever has witnessed the process of making maple sugar has also seen a yoke, but of a very different kind from the one just referred to. The latter article is used by men and boys in carrying sap from the buckets to the fire, where it is boiled down to a syrup that is pleasingly associated with buckwheat cakes. It were well if no heavier yoke were ever borne by human beings than the kind that is used in the sugar-bush; but a yoke far more galling, though invisible, chafes the neck of many a victim who has been so long accustomed to its pressure that while hampered by it he would hardly know how to get along without it. It is but just to say that the matrimonial yoke is not here referred to—though, should it in some unfortunate cases prove a heavy one, there is a balm for it, not in Gilead, but in Chicago. We live in times when a great deal is said about liberty, and some very good things are said about it; we listen to glowing rhapsodies upon the freedom of the press; we hear men wax eloquent upon the progress of society; we listen to philippics upon the rights of man and the wrongs of woman; but we are not to suppose, because new ideas have been forced upon society by the inexorable logic of events, that perfect freedom exists in all things wherein men ought to be untrammeled—for who of us does not bear a yoke of some kind?

There are plenty of men in this busy commercial age who hurry from the breakfast-table to their places of business, and remain there all day—their minds constantly on the alert to keep everybody in their employ busy—to prevent waste here and negligence there, and at the same time to exhibit so much of the *suaviter in modo* that no customer once in can possibly get out without leaving money behind him. The music of money-making industry is the sweetest of all music to them; and they are satisfied with that only when the rests are left out. They make business and end and not a means, and with overtaxed brains and enfeebled bodies bear a yoke that finally crushes them, not because it is so heavy, but because they never lay it off. No sane man would compel his oxen to sleep in their yoke; but thousands of business men sleep in theirs every night and wear them to church on Sunday. Farmers sometimes find it necessary to put yokes upon their pigs and geese, to keep them out of mischief; but we have no reason to suppose that the animals themselves are pleased with the arrangement, for no goose was ever such a goose as to put on a yoke voluntarily, or even in the days when the Æsop allowed birds and beasts to talk was ever a goose known to cackle forth her approbation when yoked by human hands. The folly of putting on such things needlessly, and then speaking well of them is committed only by beings who are endowed with reason, however much they may be lacking in common sense. A yoke is a badge of servitude; and yet there are many deluded victims who glory in bearing self-imposed yokes. You shall see plenty of men held in life-long bondage to a fragrant weed that animals know enough to let alone. There are those of whom it may be said not the smoke of their torment, but the torment of their smoke, ascendeth up forever and ever; but they bear a voluntary yoke, and never feel its full pressure till they attempt to lay it off. In these days we have organized societies for almost every enterprise that is carried on. Stock companies are formed for the building of railroads, for banking purposes, and for the manufacture of thousands of articles that contribute largely to the comfort or convenience of appreciating patrons; but no one has ever yet seen the charter of a company organized expressly for the manufacture of yokes wherewith to hold the minds or manners of men in bondage. There is, however, a great unchartered body, called society, that manufactures many a yoke that is worn as if it were an ornament. Half the customs of society are only so many yokes that hang as heavily as millstones about the neck. An insane desire to do as other people do is one of the follies of good society, falsely so called. Those who really have the means to make a display are doubtless entitled to be their own judges how far they can do so with safety; and where the proper relations of income and expenditure are maintained it is not a sin to live in a style that will both gratify and cultivate the taste. Fine houses, rich furniture, expensive books and pictures, and elegant grounds are all useful not alone to the owners, but to many others; and they contribute, if rightly used, to high and noble culture.

But just here, right upon the neck of not a few whose surroundings are of the character above indicated, a most galling yoke thrusts itself into unpleasant prominence.

For every one who can properly indulge in an elegant style of living there are ten eager aspirants who have no right whatever to do it. Instead of manfully accepting the situation in which a wise Providence has placed them—instead of living as every one but themselves knows they ought to live, trying all the time to better their condition so much that they may at some time have a right to gratify expensive tastes—they maintain a life-long struggle to keep up appearances. Just such a struggle as this, with all its ludicrous artifices and petty makeshifts, is narrated in the "Bride of Lammermoor."

Ravenswood, a seedy Scottish nobleman, whose fortunes had fallen to decay, had a steward named Old Caleb, whose hobby it was with true Scottish grit to keep up the appearance of wealth and old-fashioned abundance in the rickety castle of Wolf's Crag. Whenever company was present, his quick-witted and plausible expedients to represent things, not as they really were, but as in his opinion they ought to be, were often of the most amusing character. Whenever his master was in a tight place with guests that must be entertained, the good steward's invariable answer was, "We'll mak shift an' it like yer honor; for the house sall haud its credit as lang as Auld Caleb is to the fore." And, partly by apologetic lying, partly by fraud, and still more by brazen assurance, an appearance of hospitality was sometimes effected under frightfully discouraging prospects. On one occasion, when his master came home unexpectedly with a stranger—both gentlemen being on horseback—Old Caleb, bound as usual to keep up the dignity of the house, called lustily for the grooms—John, William, Saunders—and, of course, getting no answer, turned it off by saying, "The lads are gane out, an' I'll take care o' the cattle myself"; whispering at the same time to his master—who was disposed to admit his poverty—"Whist, my laird! We'll hae hard work enough to mak a decent night o't wi' a' the lees that I can tell." The heavy yoke of keeping up appearances with diminutive resources is borne by some knaves, by some fools, and by many cowards; and often enough, like Old Caleb, they have hard work to make a decent thing of it with all the lies that they can tell.

Many people take the opinions of others and fashion them into a yoke for their own necks. They are continually asking themselves, not is a given line of conduct right, but, if I unflinchingly pursue it, shall I not be thought peculiar. Thus, while perhaps honestly desiring to avoid doing wrong, the remarks that other people may make, the construction that other people may put upon their actions, operates as a positive hindrance to many who lack that independence of character which will enable them to pursue given courses simply because they are called to do so by a high sense of duty. Good people of the stricter sort sometimes make grievous mistakes in imposing unnecessarily heavy yokes upon the young. Even the observance of the Sabbath day, that ought to be the pleasantest day of all the week, may be of such a character as to detach all pleasant associations from it. Perhaps the tendency of the present time is to look with two little reverence upon the sacred day; but in the old Puritan times, when pious men are said to have hung cats on Monday for catching mice on Sunday, the formal observance of the Sabbath was insisted upon with fearful strictness. Well-meaning parents have doubtless sometimes made what God designed as a day of rest and spiritual culture simply a day of torment to thoughtless little children, too young to understand why they could not be permitted to make a little noise on the seventh day, when on all the preceding days of the week they could feel as free as air and act as free as they felt. When children thus brought up are told that heaven is an eternal Sabbath, it is not strange that they should have some misgivings about the desirableness of going there. There are various other yokes that men bear; though, thank heaven! there are some that a progressive age has broken.

There are people whose antipathy to innovations, merely because they are innovations, is intense. The yoke they work in is the yoke of custom; and, because it has been fastened upon successive generations, "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," it seems to them that it ought always to be borne.

Most of the "isms" that are rife among men are, in one way and another, yokes; though those who bear them do not seem to know it. In religion sectarianism yokes people together in a way that is destructive to breadth of culture as well as to depth of religious experience. It is also well-nigh destructive to social intercourse outside the circle of those who are bound together by the common "ism."

We raise no objection to the formation of organizations which comprise those whose opinions upon the great truths of religion are similar; but, when almost exclusive attention is paid, not to the grand object for which they are united in a visible form, but to the bond of union itself, an influence is exerted that is detrimental and narrowing in the highest degree. This nineteenth century of ours has been glorified by being allowed to see the yokes of enslaved millions broken. It has seen these same down-trodden ones inspired with the hope of ultimately attaining to the condition of freemen, with all the legal rights and responsibilities pertaining to that condition. One after another the yokes that have held men in bondage—physical, mental, and spiritual—are falling off; and men are learning that real freedom and true happiness are to be found only when no yoke whatever is borne, save that which Infinite Wisdom has pronounced an easy one.

Book Table.

LAY PREACHING.

ON what possible ground any church hesitates to encourage lay preaching, or any ministers to entitle the work of the laymen by the name "preaching," we are at a loss to understand. Certainly for the distinction which later times have drawn in the church there is no warrant in the Word of God. In the Jewish Church, which was necessarily administered on exclusive principles, the *priesthood* were a consecrated order. No one who was not duly set apart to the service of the Temple could ordinarily participate in it. But it was not so with the *prophetic* order. Any one could preach. Prophets came from the plough, the herds, the throne. There were women prophets and men prophets. They seldom received any ordination, did not always receive any special education. Whoever felt his soul stirred with God's truth was thereby ordained to proclaim it. There was only one test admitted, that his preaching should conform to the Word of God. When Christ came, he certainly did nothing to limit the right—rather let us say the duty—of proclaiming a free and universal Gospel. He himself was neither prophet nor priest. It was continually objected to him that he violated the ecclesiastical rules of his day by preaching without having received a diploma. "How knoweth this fellow letters," (*i.e.*, theology) asked the dwellers at Jerusalem, scornfully, "having never learned?" The apostles were not organized into a definite church till after their Master's death. They did most of the preaching, it is true; but, when they attempted to stop some one else from following their example, Christ rebuked them. After Pentecost, the disciples, scattered by persecution, went everywhere preaching the Gospel. Paul preached long before he was ordained. Nor is there to be found anywhere in the Acts or the Epistles a trace of that absurd professional jealousy which in these days has attempted to deny to any man the right to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ unless he is in orders. *The Christian Worker*, by Rev. Chas. F. Beach (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), is a plea for lay preaching. Its title is unfortunate. For it seems to imply that lay preaching is, if not the only, at least the most important form of lay work. The scriptural argument for lay preaching is not as strong nor as well considered as it might be. But the book is useful, as every contribution is which tends to break down that spirit of ecclesiasticism which we have inherited from the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and which we are as loath to part with as if it were a royal garment, instead of being, as it is, a cumbrous chain.

—From Scribner, Welford & Co., who publish it in this country, we have received Professor Eadie's *Commentary on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians*, which forms one of the exegetical series published by T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. After a somewhat careful study of this volume, we have no hesitation in recommending it to students of the original texts of this epistle as a learned and very nearly exhaustive discussion of the exegesis of this most interesting epistle. One of its peculiarities is the prominence given to studies of points of interest, forming, in fact, excursuses sometimes of considerable length, as that on the Keltic character of the Gauls of Galatia, where we are at first surprised to see a disquisition on Druidism introducing a biblical commentary. So also the reference of Paul to "James, the Lord's brother," gives occasion to a long defense of the position that James, with his brothers and sisters, were actually children of the Virgin Mary, and not cousins of Jesus, nor children of Joseph by a previous marriage. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" Professor Eadie does not believe with Dr. Brown to be defective eyesight; but rather a recurrence of epileptic attacks. The former was not such as naturally to excite loathing, while the latter better fits the apostle's words: "My temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not nor rejected"—*i. e.*, "loathed." Besides, he thinks such a disease is a more natural reaction following, as Paul's "thorn" did, the nervous excitement and ecstasy of the revelation made to him when "caught up into the third heavens." This volume successfully combines the grammatical and lexical character of Ellicott's commentaries with minute historical criticisms of both patristic and modern commentators. It is a full repertory of all the varying explanations which any passage has received, and the interpretations here given are generally sound and sensible. While the volume would be almost utterly worthless to the mere English student, it is the best attainable in the English language by our more scholarly pastors.

—*Malbone: An Old Port Romance*, Mr. Higginson's novel, has just been published by Messrs. Fields & Osgood. We have already intimated pretty clearly our opinion of this novel. It is, to begin with, a work of art; which is more than can be said of nine out of every ten novels published here or across the water. It is the work of a scholar, a thinker, an artist. Any one can see that it is an experiment—that Mr. Higginson is not, first of all things, a novelist; but any one, too, can see by the evidences of these pages that he can write a novel, and, if he so pleases, take a high position in the department of literature to which *Malbone* belongs. The character of the hero is very skillfully and delicately drawn—so delicately, indeed, that it needs a somewhat close and careful study before one quite realizes its depth, its consistency, and its power. Many of the minor characters are very well drawn. "Aunt Jane" is admirable. The story itself is sad. There is everywhere, throughout even its brightest passages, a subtle, pervading melancholy undertone. Will the general run of novel-readers understand or appreciate the book? Probably not; and it may be admitted, in excuse of their lack of appreciation, that the story certainly wants power, and fiber, and passion. But it will assuredly take a high place in literature, and will be remembered.

—We are so much accustomed to elaborate discussions about Jusus Christ that there is a certain freshness in the attempt made by one who loves and honors him, simply to paint his portrait. We have been so accustomed, for dogmatic reasons, to insist on the divinity of Christ that it does us good to recur to the equally important truth, the humanity of Christ. He is declared to be God *manifest in the flesh*. If we mean to comprehend that manifestation, we must understand him in his humanity. To disrobe him of that is to deny to the church its highest manifestation of God quite as effectually as to deny his divinity. *The Son of Man*, by Frank Conlin, D.D., minister of the National Church of Geneva, (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), consists of a series of sermons which contain both of these merits. They are not dogmatic. They contain no new theology, and no new arguments for the old theology. They are not remarkably eloquent. But they are imbued with a loving reverence for Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Man; and they portray his character and his teachings in such a way as to secure for both that reverence even from those who might not agree with their author in imputing to him the divine character.

—For many years Oberlin suffered under the ban of heresy. Its chief sin was that it taught that Christians ought to be pure, and, by God's grace, can be pure. Singularly enough, it has been imagined that in some way it was to the glory of Christ to teach not only that he saves sinners, but that they can go right on sinning pretty much as before, and still he saves them. In the anxiety of the church not to concede anything to the idea that men are saved by their "good works," it was almost taught that to have any was an unpardonable sin. The church forgot that, though men are not saved *by* good works, they are saved *unto* good works. We are not prepared to endorse all of Mr. Mitchell's theology, nor all of his biblical interpretation in his little treatise entitled *The Old Paths: A Treatise on Sanctification*; but we commend the spirit, the candor, and the vigor with which he insists upon the truth that personal holiness is not only possible, but also that without it no man can see the Lord. "Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness is righteous even as He is righteous."

—From D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, we have received *Sabrina Hooket, the Music Teacher*, by Emily Saybrook, and immediately put it into the hands of our critic, whose sharp discrimination has made the notices of Sabbath School and juvenile books published in THE INDEPENDENT more valuable than any we have elsewhere seen. But, to our surprise, the volume was refused with a look that made us suspect that "Emily Saybrook" was no true name. Of course, we were curious to read the volume; and have done so, only to be sorry that the author's true name is not attached. It is one of the freshest, cheeriest, oddest, tenderest, healthiest, sensiblest Sunday School books that we have seen for many a day. It describes school-life as one ought to who knows all about it, and the girl or the boy who reads it will lay it down with wet eyelashes, and with new impulses to a better life.

—*Problematic Characters* (Leypoldt & Holt) is the name of a novel by Friedrich Spielhagen, a German author who is beginning to make a deep, distinctive mark on the literature of his country. A quotation from Goethe, placed on the title-page of his book, explains the meaning of its name: "There are problematic characters who are not equal to any situation in life and whom no situation satisfies. This causes an immense discord within, and their whole life is spent without enjoyment." There is the key-note to this brilliant, poetical, powerful, somewhat morbid novel. Its literary merit is unmistakable, and one wishes he could think its influence wholly healthy. The book is translated by Professor Schele de Vere.

—*Jesus on the Holy Mount*, by Joseph Sanderson, D.D. (American Tract Society), is a gold-beater's book. By that we mean that it is wrought by the simple process of taking a passage nine verses in length and beating it out thin, so that it shall occupy 278 pages. We prefer our gold in the lump. A great many like it in the leaf. For those that do, *Jesus on the Holy Mount* will be a popular book. It is orthodox. It is devout. It is the work of one who has evidently studied with prayer the story of the transfiguration, which he has undertaken to amplify. Many of his suggestions are admirable. And certainly no one can read this book through without finding thereafter in the Gospel story of the transfiguration some new significance.

—We have received a new, revised, and enlarged edition of that most popular of books, Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. After twenty-eight years, the copyright of this work has reverted to the author; and he now presents, through Messrs. Fields & Osgood, the first "author's edition" to the public. This new issue is made specially interesting by an account which it contains of a second visit paid by Mr. Dana to the scenes of the narrative, twenty-four years after his first voyage. Criticism and commendation of *Two Years Before the Mast* would be alike superfluous.

—*Good Measure*, by D. S. Erickson, is published by Henry H. Young & Co., Boston, and shows that a poor boy with good principles can be rich in friends, who help him through childhood and youth to an honored and successful manhood. The book has no special merit to distinguish it from a multitude of similar works; but it will, no doubt, do good by interesting some little fellows, and by strengthening their longing to become honest, God-fearing men.

—Warren & Blakeslee, Boston, publish *The Boat-Builder's Family*, by Rev. Z. A. Mudge, author of "The Fisher Boy," a temperance story, which teaches, after a somewhat formal fashion, how good resolves can be kept; also *From Darkness to Light*, which tells in a simpler manner of the evils resulting from intemperance and of the power of religion to cure such evils.

—*The Corwin's Nest Series* for girls comprises three volumes for tiny folks, which contain pleasant stories of "Little Tot's" experience. As we read there that baby *admired* to sit in nurse's lap before the fire we must conclude that the writer is a Yankee of the Yankees. The series is issued by Andrew F. Graves, Boston.

—In *Stories from the Moorland*, by Miss Lizzie Bates, a collection of tales of the Covenanters, of narrow escapes from Lagg and Claverhouse, and of heroic daring for concience's sake, are strung on a slight thread of modern-time Scotch story. The book is published by Warren & Blakeslee, Boston.

—A new and elegant edition of Arthur Helps's *Friends in Council*, first and second series, is published by James Miller, Broadway. This edition ought to be welcome to the public. Arthur Helps is one of the most delightful of essayists and easy-going philosophers.

—*A Stranded Ship*, by L. Clark Davis, (Putnam & Son), is a highly improbable and, indeed, in some of its incidents extravagant story; but there is a good deal of dash and brilliancy in it. It is worth reading; and, although highly sensational, is not morbid.

Ellen, a poem, by George H. Calvert, (Sheldon & Co.), has a great deal of beauty and tenderness and melody in it. The author, if not endowed with much of original poetic faculty, has undoubtedly high feeling and a finely-cultured taste.

—*Stories in Verse*, by Henry Abbey, (Randolph & Co., New York), is a volume of what may rather be called echoes of poetry than poetry itself. It has little promise of its own.

—We have received the third edition of the late Edward Kellogg's *New Monetary System*, edited by his daughter, Mary Kellogg Putnam, and published by Riggins, Tooker & Co., New York.

—*Pendennis* appears as one of the volumes of the "Household Edition" of Thackeray's works which Messrs. Fields & Osgood are publishing.

—We have received the June number of the *American Publisher and Bookseller*.

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The Farm and Garden.

BIRDS AND AGRICULTURE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

A Swiss writer, the Baron Von Tschudi, says: "Without birds good agriculture is impossible." Yet they have numerous enemies; and among them, strange to say, none more determined and effectively hostile than the farmer. He, of all others, should be their firm friend; but, by allying himself with their traditional foes—the indolent boy and prowling huntsman—he has at length succeeded in actually thinning them out. The poet says

"There is no reed but has a star above it";

and we remember when no hamlet or meadow was not enlivened by the birds. But now there are plenty of songless fields and voiceless lawns.

But there is an unpitying Nemesis behind every wrong, which, sooner or later, compels the right. It has been repeatedly shown that the service of birds to the farmer is incalculable; and there is no doubt we are now paying the penalty due to their indiscriminate and wanton destruction. By the general massacre of robins and small birds, we have made room for an influx of plagues to horticulture and farming that we have no ability to arrest. Among these are the currant-worm, rose-worm, cabbage-bug, and tomato-bug; and the entire list would need an encyclopedia, for almost every plant has its parasite. In Europe this trouble of the farmer has been longer felt, and the consequence is, its causes are better known. Whole forests have been destroyed in Germany by caterpillars and insects, and in many of the Swiss cantons stringent legislation for the protection of birds and birds' nests has had to be enforced. It is estimated, by pretty accurate data, that for every pair of birds destroyed a half million of insects are given the impunity of life. Our common robin will destroy 800 flies an hour, and a sparrow disposes of at least 150 worms per day. A recent correspondent to the *Evening Post*, writing from Germany, gives the following statistics concerning swallows, carefully prepared by a German landowner. He says:

"A swallow pair is sixteen hours in the day in motion; and each swallow, on the average, feeds the young twenty times during the day. Both swallows are, therefore, six hundred times by the nest daily. As, now, each of the parent swallows bring every time from ten to twelve insects, the two destroy in the course of one day at least 6,400 insects. To their own nourishment the parents need about 600 insects daily; so that a swallow family destroys daily 7,000, and in one month 210,000 injurious insects. If the parent swallows, in the first month, when they are alone, eat 80,000 insects, for the whole summer a swallow family of seven members consumes 576,000 insects. If one hundred pairs of swallows make their nests in a village, these birds and their descendants will in the course of a single summer eat over 57,000,000 of insects."

"No agriculturist," says Mr. Brewer, in his recent *Atlantic* article, "can destroy a bird without knowing that he may expect from the act only injury." He argues, in his able essay on "The Mission of Birds," that every kind, even the cat-bird and crow, are the farmers' servants. Not only the insectivorous ones of the naturalist, but the granivorous have their duties to perform in exterminating his pests. The damage done by the crow to the corn-field can be prevented by several simple expedients; among which are the soaking of the seed in the water of distillation from the manufacture of kerosene, and the suspending of white or light-colored cord around and across the entire field. Can the farmer not afford to do this for the sake of the crow's aid in his better moods? But the great trouble is in the case of birds of worst repute: the evil they do is patent to all; the good, from the very nature of it, is never adequately known.

"We saw a crow the other day," says a recent writer; "and, though he has a bad reputation, we were glad to see him." Hawthorne said: "A crow has no real pretensions to religion, in spite of the gravity of his mien and black attire. Crows are certainly thieves, and probably infidels." This fairly indexes the popular creed. But, if he is mischievous, it seems to be proved that even *he* "far outweighs his depredations by good deeds, in destroying myriads of grubs, worms, and insects, that otherwise would do ten times more damage than he. It is a brave bird, and not wanting in affection for its kind." "What a dreary land this will be when every tree is cut down and all the birds exterminated! Yet this is what many seem to be aiming at. We believe that, in the economy of Nature, birds and forests have their places, and cannot be banished without loss. The birds are needed to keep up the balance of animal life, and keep down the ever-increasing swarms of worms and insects, so destructive to vegetation. Now they have come back to us, let us see that they are protected from wanton destruction."

Recent failures in the harvests of France were attributed to the ravages of insects which it is the function of certain birds to destroy. "A commission appointed to inquire into the matter concluded that by no agency save that of little birds could the ravages of insects be kept down. It was found that a single tom-tit would eat two hundred thousand eggs of insects annually; and one swallow devoured about six hundred insects a day, eggs and all. The evidence was conclusive that one class is a match for the other, if the wholesale destruction of birds by huntsmen could be stopped. An excess of insect life results if the counterpoise is withdrawn."

Prof. Jenks, of Middleboro, to whose experiments Mr. Brewer refers, spent the leisure hours of an entire year in examining the habits as well as in dissecting the stomachs of robins; and "during the whole of March, April, and May not a particle of vegetable matter of any kind whatever could be found" in their food. Their destruction of the larvæ of a certain species of fly—a kind which is known to prey upon the roots of plants, and even upon the roots of field grass—was a part of the evidence brought for their triumphant vindication. In the summer and fall months—though the robin occasionally luxuriates on strawberries, cherries, and other vegetable food—his diet is never wanting in insects. And the food with which all birds supply their young, the grain-eating birds not excepted, is said to be of the insect sort exclusively.

The imported sparrow, it is known, has done noble work against the measure-worm; but the canker-worm of the orchards, and the larvæ of the cabbage-butterfly, which has just touched our Eastern borders in its way from Europe to our midst, are yet, with countless others, to be conquered before we have peace.

Perhaps it is idle to expect much help from the agricultural societies while, they are so hypertrophied with "horse"; but they would render themselves and their patrons an inestimable service by securing an address on birds from Mr. Brewer, or some writer whose knowledge is equally full on the subject. To vary and give force to this feature in the programme, they might well appoint a good local reader to follow it up with an "ornament of rhyme," to a recital of Longfellow's tenderly pathetic poem, "The Birds of Killingworth."

TO DESTROY CURRANT WORMS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* destroys the currant worm by the use of white hellebore. He says:—"A solution of a large tablespoonful to a gallon of water, applied with a broom or syringe, will destroy them effectually, and should be repeated as fast as they hatch out. By this means we have not only saved our bushes, but secured our usual crop of fruit. As hellebore is a poison, we use great care in washing the currants before using, and have never experienced any ill effects."

A writer in the *New England Homestead* says: "The currant worms have come again, and now by right management all who have currant bushes may have a crop of fruit in spite of them. Examine your bushes carefully, and you will find a few leaves on each bush, near the ground, upon which the eggs have been deposited, and which will be full of small holes as soon as the eggs hatch. By picking off all such leaves now, and following it up for a few days, you will head off the first crop of worms, and with small pains, too, compared with the value of the fruit. In June, or the first of July, another attack will be made, and must be similarly met. This work can be much more readily done by cutting out all the suckers of this year, excepting four or five of the strongest, so that there will be but few leaves near the ground to examine. Keep all the underbrush cleared away, if you do not wish to afford a hiding-place for the enemy.

"The whole matter consists in destroying the worms before they spread over the bushes, which can be easily done by the plan above mentioned; and he who has not sufficient persistence in the fight does not deserve the results of victory. If, however, by any means the worms are allowed to swarm all over the bushes, they may still be destroyed by a vigorous onset. Either dust them with powdered white hellebore, from a common pepper-box, or sift all over the bushes water-slaked lime, which is perhaps the safer way, and about as effectual."

MULCHING.

In this hot, drouthy climate mulch is an aid that is not fully appreciated. All the berries need it extremely. The blackberry (Lawton) may be mulched with manure. It will bear it, and thrive under it. But the raspberry especially must be protected in a drouth, if it would succeed well; so the currant.

Potatoes also may be mulched to advantage; cover all the space between the rows, and weeds will no more trespass, nor moisture abstract. The potato wants all the moisture it can get in a drouth. Ashes thrown over any mulch or without mulch will benefit the crop. Strew along the hills, if no more, and there will be an increased growth; moisture and fertility will be added.

For a special mulch we know nothing better than green grass or weeds, or garden-weedings, sprinkled with leached ashes. If the ground is previously moistened, the severest drouth will be ineffectual. Besides, the ashes are a benefit, as well as the decaying grass and weeds. Ashes, like plaster, are an attracter of moisture, and hence the benefit to the mulch. We have tried this with the finest effect, and would be loth to do without it.

All the ground in the smaller fruits should be covered at the beginning of the drouth term. The better way is to coat rather lightly, after the soil has been *thoroughly stirred*. This last point cannot be too much insisted upon. In mulching, however, the error is not in coating too thick, but in not extending the coat far enough. A whole orchard, unless the trees are wide apart, should have the covering, as the roots extend so as to intermingle with each other, and the mulch should be spread so as to cover all the roots.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

GROWING TREES.

THE Germantown *Telegraph* says: "We notice frequently outlandish recommendations, agriculturally and horticulturally, which must result in failure and discouragement. We have now before us one of these for stimulating the growth of trees by boring holes in the ground and pouring in liquid manure about the roots. How the roots are generally to be got at in this way we cannot see. What better can we desire than applying the same liquid uniformly over the ground and let it soak in? If the surface is very hard, it should be loosened. Or, what we contend is still better, top-dress the surface as far as the branches extend with good barn-yard manure, and the substance will soon find its way uniformly to the roots with the assistance of the rains."

Many fruit-trees which have been considered valueless may be recovered by being manured in fall and winter; and during warm days, when the surface of the soil is not frozen, even stimulating manures may be applied with impunity and covered with earth. Thus Peruvian Guano, applied in the fall, will be so divided in the soil by spring as not to injure the young spongioles from the roots when they resume growth; whereas, if applied after the spring growth commences, the spongioles would be injured. Lime ashes and other manures appropriate to different soils and trees may be applied in a similar manner.

FLOWER LISTS.

WALTER ELDER, in the *Whitlock Exposition Recorder*, gives the following lists of a few of the flowers which do best in sunshine, shade, and both:

"For shade:—Sweet Alyssum, Calceolaria, Fuchsia, Mimulus, Feverfew, Scented Geraniums, Lobelias, Musk Plant, Pinks of sorts, German Aster, Antirrhinum, Marvel of Peru, Chrysanthemums, Dahlias, Thanbergias Tropæolums (the last two genera are climbing vines). All the above will flourish in partial shade of trees or buildings, and yet they will most of them do in sunshine.

The following like the bright sunshine, although many will do with slight shade:—Ever Blooming Roses, Alovsia, Gazzania, Cuphia, Lantana, Blooming Geraniums, Caleus, Achyeanthus, Maurandia (a vine), Cypress Vine, Globe Amaranthus, Canna, Vinca rosea and alba, Salvias, Heliotropeums, Pansy, Balsams, Echeveria, Calliopsis, Delphinum, Cock's Comb, Petunias, Verbenas, Zinnas, Caladium.

The following genera are bulbous plants that bloom during summer and autumn: Amaryllis, Gladiolus of numerous varieties, Japan Lillies four varieties, Tigrillias three species, Tuberose, of delightful perfume."

THE INFLUENCE OF SUN-HEAT ON FRUITS.

NEVER was there a greater mistake made than that of supposing that fruit produced in the shade has the best flavor: it is a false notion, the mere chimera of half a century ago. The Black Hamburg Grape is, to some extent, an exception: for its berries will not color if the branches are deprived of too many of their leaves, so as to let the sun in amongst the bunches too freely. Whereas the Muscat of Alexandria will not attain its rich amber color if so much overcrowded with leaves as to keep the rays of the sun from penetrating freely amongst the bunches. A pineapple produced in the winter has not the flavor of one ripened in the summer months of the year, when the sun is powerful. Again, under the old method of planting strawberries in beds four feet wide, the fruit is not to be compared, either in size or flavor, with that of those planted out in single rows. Now, what is the reason of this? I contend that it is in consequence of the action of the sun upon the fruit. The fruit shaded by leaves will always be more or less insipid and worthless, as compared with that on which the sun has had full play. It is the sun that puts flavor into our fruits.

PLANTING ORCHARDS.—I have planted a number of orchards, and find the following rule to be a good one. I find spring planting is the best in Michigan; in the Southern States fall planting may be best. When I receive my trees, I cover the roots with wet matting and keep them out of the sun. I dig the holes three feet in diameter, and deep enough to fill in four inches of loose dirt before setting the tree. When digging the hole, I keep the top dirt separate and fill in about the roots with it. I am careful to fill well about the roots and under the heel of the tree. I plant the same depth the tree stood in the nursery. A boy holds the tree, leaning it a little to the west, for the west winds will more than bring it upright. If the trees are tall, I stake them. It pays to mulch trees, to wash them with soap-suds, and to keep cattle out of the orchard.—J. WIEST, *Pontiac, Mich.*

STRAWBERRY FERTILIZER.—A Lancaster, Pa., correspondent of the *Small Fruit Recorder* says: "An experiment made last year by myself may not come amiss at this time with those who grow strawberries. I procured a half hogshead, filled it with rain-water, and put into it one-quarter pound of ammonia and one-quarter pound of common niter. When the strawberry plants were blossoming out, I gave them a sprinkling of the solution at evening, twice a week, until the fruit was nearly full size. The result was double the amount of fruit on those where the liquid was applied to what was obtained from those vines right alongside, where none of the liquid was applied. Let all give it a trial."

TRAINING RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES.—The old custom of tying or twisting the tops of the canes from one stool to another along the row, in the form of an arch, is one of the most ready, economical, and satisfactory systems of training that we have ever practiced. With a pair of stout, thick gloves, a man will do the work very rapidly; and, if the canes are long and strong, they will rarely require any tying beyond that made by twisting them together. In this way the fruit is fully exposed to the sun and air, and away from any interference of the young plants or suckers to be grown for next year's fruiting.

CURCULIO REMEDY.—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says the following has proved efficient: "As soon as the blosoms have fallen off, I take oat-straw and place it on coals, in some old pan, and give the trees a thorough smoking by holding it under them, while the dew is yet on. Then, in a week or two, I examined the trees; and, if I find the gentlemen there, I give them another smoking. Two or three smokings have, in every case, proved sufficient to insure a good crop of fruit.

AGRICULTURAL.

NORWAY OATS,
Depot for the genuine Ramadel Norway Oats removed to No. 5 Murray st. JONES & CLARK.

ALTA VELA PHOSPHATE,
THE BEST FERTILIZER.
Price $56 per ton.
For sale by dealers throughout the country, and the Alta Vela Guano Co.,
57 Broadway, N. Y.

BULLARD'S HAY-TEDDER!

The most valuable invention of the age. Will thoroughly turn and spread 4 acres per hour. Saves time and labor, and increases the value of hay. Its use will pay its cost in a single season on a farm producing 20 tons of hay.
UNION MOWER AND REAPER,
(a combination of different patents.)
It combines more valuable features, and will better meet the wants of Farmers, than any Machine ever invented.
Has been in use for the past
SEVEN YEARS AND HAS
PROVED A PERFECT SUCCESS!
Can be worked successfully on rough and stony land, and is the most durable machine in use. EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED, and a fair trial given before payment is demanded.
PATENT SULKY HAY-RAKE.
Agents wanted. Send for pamphlet.
DUANE H. NASH, Gen'l Agent.
29 Cortlandt street, New York.

To Farmers and Stock-Raisers.
The cheapest and most complete book of the kind ever published. SLOAN'S COMPLETE FARRIER AND CATTLE DOCTOR: Containing Full and Complete Directions for Choosing, Breeding, Rearing, and General Management of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, and Poultry. With Detailed Descriptions of their Different Breeds. Together with a full and accurate account of all the Diseases to which they are subject, and the Causes, Symptoms, and the most Approved Remedies for the same. Fifth edition. Enlarged, Improved, and Splendidly Illustrated. Price $2. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. WALKER & TAYLOR, Publishers, Chicago, Ill. P. O. Drawer 5636.
In ordering the book, please say in what paper you saw the advertisement.

FOR SALE.—A VERY DESIRable property in N. Barrington, Mass. Location in all respects pleasant and rarely surpassed (for beauty of scenery), near depot, churches, schools, post-office, etc. Large, commodious house, 13 rooms, gas, water, tin roof, all in good order, with about one acre of choice land and choice fruit-trees, shrubs, and flowers, cornering on two roads. Well adapted for summer boarding, or, with small expense, fitted for a fine residence or boarding-school for one large or two small families. Within 5 minutes of cars. 4 trains daily to Boston, Albany, and New York. Enquire of J. GIBSON, 343 Broadway, N. Y., or of C. T. COLLINS, M. D., Gt. Barrington.

Ready Roofing
THE FIRST CUSTOMER IN EACH place can buy 1,000 feet at 25 per cent. discount. Samples and circulars sent by mail. READY ROOFING CO., 81 Maiden Lane New York.

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BELLS.
MENEELY'S FOUNDERY, at WEST TROY, N. Y., (opposite Troy,) established in 1826, and which made the reputation of *Troy Bells*, manufactures
CHURCH, ACADEMY, FACTORY, and CHIME BELLS, of pure copper and tin, fully guaranteed, and *hung with the best Patent Rotary Mountings in use.* We are now manufacturing more bells than any three founderies in the country, have received more competitive First Premiums than any other foundery, and our unsolicited testimonials average one hundred and fifty annually. Catalogues sent free. Address, at WEST TROY, N. Y., E. A. & G. R. MENEELY.

BELLS.
Amalgam Bells for Churches, Schools, Cemeteries, Farms, Factories, etc. Used for fifteen years in the States and Canada, giving the best satisfaction. From 50 to 5,000 pounds, only 20 cents per pound, and warranted. Send for descriptive circular to the manufacturer,
SAMUEL S. DAVIS,
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OLD ESTABLISHED TROY BELL FOUNDRY, TROY, N. Y.
(Established 1852.) A large assortment of Church, Academy, Fire Alarm, and other Bells constantly on hand and made to order. Large Illustrated Catalogue sent free upon application to
JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y.

INSURANCE.
ECONOMICAL
MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
LIFE INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, RICH AND POOR.
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities - - 182 00.
ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.
1. Lower rates of premium than any other Mutual Company.
2. Stock rates as low as can safely be afforded by any Company.
3. No extra rates on Officers of Lake and River Boats, on lives of Women, or Officers of the Army and Navy.
4. Cash Dividends applied to reduce the second and all subsequent annual premiums, or to increase the insurance, if desired thereby, securing
5. An Increasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium.
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known integrity, numbering among others Senators SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.
Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.
SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Prest.
C. C. McKNIGHT, Vice-Prest.
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Massachusett, Actuary.
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N. BANGS WILLIAMS, General Agent for New York, 10 Wall st.
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WASHINGTON, CINCINNATI,
ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO.

THE EXCELSIOR
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,
Office 63 William street.
An entirely new plan.
Policy-holders can at their option convert their Policies into Annuities, or into Paid-up Policies.
If for any reason a Policy-holder wishes to cease paying premiums, his Policy immediately becomes a source of income.
This plan, just originated by this Company, removes every objection that can be urged against Life Insurance.
Send to or call at the Company's Office and procure prospectus, explaining the details of this plan.
This Company permits its members to travel or reside in the Western Hemisphere anywhere north of the Tropic of Cancer and in any part of Europe.
Dividends paid Annually.
Dividend of 1869, 33 1-3 per cent.
Good Agents wanted in all parts of the United States.
SAMUEL T. HOWARD, President. F. A. PLATT, Vice-President.
SIDNEY WARD, Secretary. CHAS. N. MORGAN, Actuary.
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REMOVAL.
The Globe Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
HAVE REMOVED TO THE DEVLIN BUILDINGS,
258 BROADWAY, CORNER OF WARREN ST., N. Y.
ASSETS - $1,642,000.
PLINY FREEMAN, Pres't.
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ECLECTIC
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE 187 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.
JAMES W. BARKER, President.
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EDWARD STURGES, *Secretary.*
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This is the only ECLECTIC COMPANY in the world. Insurances granted on all known methods and made
INTERCHANGEABLE,
at the option of the assured, without surrender or loss.
ANNUAL DIVIDENDS
PREMIUMS IN CASH entitled to CASH DIVIDENDS.
Premiums settled partly by LOANS ON INTEREST have balances
CANCELED BY DIVIDENDS.
STOCK OR NON-PARTICIPATING ASSURANCE, without dividends, on the best terms, and LOWER THAN IS OFFERED BY STOCK COMPANIES.
Dividends declared on the Contribution Plan.
THIRTY DAYS' GRACE, on application, for payment of premiums.
NO POLICY IN THIS SOCIETY shall be forfeited, or become void by the non-payment of premium thereon.
PAID-UP POLICIES granted after one premium.
The MASSACHUSETTS LAW in full adopted by this Company, and applied whenever preferred by the assured. It grants an extension of the policy for the full amount until the net value is exhausted. Thus: Age 35. Premium $23 38. The holder is entitled without further payment to the following extra insurance.

When 2d payment is due and unpaid,	1 year	3 days.
" 3d " " "	2 years	12 "
" 4th " " "	3 "	27 "
" 5th " " "	4 "	46 "

LOSSES promptly adjusted in CASH.
No extra rates for assurance of Women, or Officers of the Army, Navy, Steamships, or Railways.
All RECENT IMPROVEMENTS adopted, and all DESIRABLE CONCESSIONS to the assured made.
NO OTHER COMPANY OFFERS ALL THE FOREGOING ADVANTAGES.

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Insurance Co.,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
Office Nos. 12 and 14 Court St.,
PHENIX BUILDING, nearly opposite the City Hall.
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No. 173 Broadway,
Corner of Courtlandt St.
Insures against Loss by Fire, Ocean Marine and Inland Navigation, and Transportation Risks.
CAPITAL, - - $1,000,000 00
SURPLUS, - - 590,568 38
ASSETS, - - 1,590,568 38
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PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.
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SECURITY
INSURANCE COMPANY,
119 Broadway, N. Y.
ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1869, $1,706,611 91.
FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.
A. F. HASTINGS, President.
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THE UNIVERSAL
Life Insurance Company,
NEW YORK.
Office, No. 69 Liberty Street.
THE ORIGINAL JOINT STOCK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE UNITED STATES.
TO AGENTS.
The attention of canvassers is especially directed to the
RETURN PREMIUM PLAN,
(*Originally devised and first carried into operation by this Company,*) as one of the most satisfactory methods of Life Insurance yet offered to the public.
By this method of Insurance the amount of the Policy is secured simply by the temporary deposit of the annual premiums, which are returned in full, together with the amount assured, to the holder of the Policy when it shall become a claim upon the Company.
EXAMPLE.
Should a person, aged 30, insure for $10,000, paying an annual premium of $255, and die during the first year thereafter, his representatives would receive from the Company $10,255. Should the insured live to pay ten annual premiums, or $2,550, his policy would be good for $12,550; and so on.
Attention, however, is especially directed to this method of Insurance in connection with the "Ten-Year Non-forfeiture Plan." The rates of premium on this plan, in addition to being very considerably *lower* than those usually charged by *Mutual* companies, will not only secure the proportionate amount of the policy usual under this system, in case of discontinued premiums, but also *a similar proportion of the premiums paid up to the time of discontinuance.*
EXAMPLE AND COMPARISON.
By the MUTUAL plan, at the age of 30, and of a policy for $10,000, an annual premium of $523 40 will secure:

After	two	payments, or	$1,046 80	a paid-up policy for	$2,000
"	three	"	1,570 20	" "	3,000
"	four	"	2,093 60	" "	4,000
"	five	"	2,617 00	" "	5,000
"	six	"	3,140 40	" "	6,000
"	seven	"	3,663 80	" "	7,000
"	eight	"	4,187 20	" "	8,000
"	nine	"	4,710 60	" "	9,000
"	ten	"	5,234 00	" "	10,000

By the plan of the "UNIVERSAL," taking the same age and a policy of the same amount, an annual premium of $431 will secure:

After	two	payments, or	$862,	a paid-up policy for	$2,172 40
"	three	"	1,293	" "	3,337 90
"	four	"	1,724	" "	4,669 66
"	five	"	2,155	" "	6,077 50
"	six	"	2,586	" "	7,551 60
"	seven	"	3,017	" "	9,111 90
"	eight	"	3,448	" "	10,758 40
"	nine	"	3,879	" "	12,491 10
"	ten	"	4,310	" "	14,310 00

The *whole* premium paid being returned in case of death any time while the policy is in force.
A clause is inserted in the Policy issued by the *Universal* in which these results are *distinctly specified and guaranteed.*
No other description of policy offers equal opportunities of successful canvassing with the above.
The *Universal* is in a sound and flourishing condition.
RATIO OF ASSETS TO LIABILITIES, 181½ to 100.
SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES, $210,422 87.
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HENRY J. FURBER, Vice-President. D. PARKS FACKLER, Con. Act'y. ALEXANDER & GREEN, Solicitors.
JOHN H. BEWLEY, Secretary.

STATEMENT OF
Every Life Insurance Co. doing Business in New York,
And having over 10,000 Policies in force December 31st, 1868.

COMPANIES.	Policies issued in 1868.	Policies in force Dec. 31st, 1868.	Total Income in 1868.	Total Assets Dec. 31st, 1868.	Dividends paid in 1868.	Ratio Expenses to Income.	Ratio Losses paid to Income.	Total ratios to Income.
Mutual Life, N. Y.	18,805	60,872	12,807,320	31,017,320	3,257,137	12 57	9 43	22 00
New York Life	9,105	28,340	4,678,280	11,000,822	1,225,865	15 74	15 84	31 58
Manhattan	3,601	13,625	2,097,914	5,338,340	403,178	15 12	22 96	38 08
Knickerbocker	10,759	20,113	3,869,655	5,179,888	64,901	16 54	14 69	31 14
Equitable	11,986	27,606	4,840,157	7,721,077	849,979	17 44	15 51	32 95
Home	2,103	10,311	953,078	2,010,644	196,804	17 14	15 25	32 39
Germania	3,157	14,873	1,225,020	2,453,014	149,922	19 04	22 03	41 07
Security Life	1,693	10,624	1,005,342	1,854,570	93,187	29 51	13 69	56 11
North America	4,387	11,328	1,686,947	4,002,402	54,350	21 46	12 63	34 09
New England Mutual	5,446	21,293	2,987,092	7,487,264	772,384	15 77	16 72	32 50
Mutual Benefit, N. J.	7,701	31,324	5,856,545	16,547,107	1,906,312	10 66	18 62	28 28
Connecticut Mutual	11,990	55,711	8,330,289	22,689,077	928,284	11 60	14 66	26 27
Union Mutual, Me.	3,212	11,782	1,505,019	3,730,836	68,784	13 60	14 64	28 25
Charter Oak	9,881	19,028	3,102,271	5,102,678	687,335	14 36	11 55	25 92
Ætna Life, Conn	13,337	39,373	6,000,227	10,350,512	426,470	13 41	14 25	27 66
Massachusetts Mutual	2,763	10,396	977,786	2,469,350	34,636	14 75	13 28	28 03
Phœnix Mutual	8,229	17,761	1,930,833	3,661,060	148,571	17 09	8 64	26 34
North-western, Wis	11,719	27,887	2,417,244	4,755,418	214,749	21 67	13 50	35 17

THE
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK
Issued 5,458 more Policies in 1868 than any other Company.
Has 5,161 more Policies in force than any other Company.
Total Income $4,477,071 more than any other Company.
Total Assets $8,343,243 more than any other Company.
Dividends paid in 1868 $1,350,825 more than any other Company.
Ratio of Total Outgo to Income from 4 to 20 per cent. lower than any other Company.
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COMMONWEALTH
Life Insurance Company,
178 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
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J. B. PEARSON, Vice-President. R. C. FROST, Secretary and Actuary. F. A. PUTNAM, M.D., Medical Examiner. A. HUNTINGTON, M.D., Do.
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All Policies issued by the Commonwealth are incontestable from date of issue, and are free from restrictions on travel.
It permits Residence anywhere without extra charge, except between Latitude 32 North and the Tropic of Cancer.
All Policies are non-forfeitable, and participate in the profits of the Company, unless otherwise specified.
Dividends are declared annually upon all Policies that have been in force a full year, and are available on payment of the next annual premium.
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FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
METROPOLITAN
INSURANCE COMPANY.
No. 108 Broadway, New York.
Capital, $300,000.
INSURES FIRE RISKS AT CUSTOMARY RATES.
ALSO MARINE RISKS ON CARGO AND FREIGHT ONLY.
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W. S. NEWELL, Secretary.
SAMUEL J. YOUNG, Assistant Secretary.

COLUMBIA FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
NEW YORK.
Office No. 161 Broadway, N. Y.
CASH CAPITAL.....$300,000 00
SURPLUS.....150,819 80
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, April 1st, 1867.....$450,819 80
ALFRED DOUGLAS, President.
JOHN B. ARTHUR, Secretary.
ED. R. SATTERLEE, Assistant Secretary.

THE ANCHOR
LIFE INSURANCE Co.
OFFICE 178 BROADWAY, N. Y.
This company offers liberal terms to both Insurers and Agents.
J. D. CHURCH, Jr., Sec'y. EDMUND C. FISHER, Pres't.

GREAT WESTERN
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
Office No. 20 Nassau street.
OFFICERS:
ROBERT BAGE, President.
FREDERICK W. MACY, Vice-President.
WESLEY E. SHADER, Secretary.
JOHN H. BIRD, Counselor.
D. L. EIGENBRODT, M.D., Medical Examiner.
PURELY MUTUAL
ISSUES EVERY APPROVED DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES on selected lives, returning all surplus earnings OVER THE ACTUAL COST OF INSURANCE EQUALLY AMONG THE INSURED. The stockholders receive legal interest only.
The Non-Forfeiture law adopted by this Company requires that all Life Insurance Policies shall be kept in force so long as there remains any surrender value; by which, for example, a party aged 35 is insured on Life plan as follows:
One Annual Premium continues Policy in force 2 years and 3 days.
Five Annual Premiums continues Policy in force 10 years and 50 days.
Endowment Policies continue in force as Life Insurance much longer, as the following examples show, viz.:
AGE 25, PAYABLE AT DEATH OR 45.
One Annual Premium continues Policy in force 4 years and 161 days.
Five Annual Premiums continue Policy in force 26 years and 166 days.
AGE 40, PAYABLE AT DEATH OR 55.
One Annual Premium continues Policy in force 4 years and 291 days.
Five Annual Premiums continue Policy in force 22 years and 114 days.
Six cents a day at the age of 25, or eight cents at the age of 40, will secure $1,000 Life Insurance.
One-third the premium may remain unpaid as a loan.
No notes required.
Thirty days' grace allowed in payment of Premiums.
OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY INSURED WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
A special Guarantee Fund of $100,000 deposited with the Insurance Department of New York.
No restriction upon residence or travel in any part of the world.
Insurance on a single life taken to the amount of $20,000.
The Company issues certificates, whenever desired, agreeing to purchase its policies at their surrender value, which, when accompanied by the policy duly transferred, are negotiable, and may be used as collateral security for loans.
No extra premium charged for occupation, except those of a peculiarly hazardous character.
LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY.
In fact, every good, equitable, and liberal feature of the best Life Companies has been adopted by the Great Western Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.
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CHARLES H. LUDINGTON.....of Lathrop, Ludington & Co.
HENRY EYRE.....Merchant.
ROBERT BAGE.....President.
A. W. CANFIELD.....Retired Merchant.
FRED. W. MACY.....Vice-President.
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TH

GORHAM Mfg Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

STERLING SILVER WARE

AND

Fine Electro-Plated WARE.

This Company, having the most extensive and complete Silver Ware Factory in the world, and employing the best talent in designing, modeling, and finishing, are, with the aid of ingenious and labor-saving machinery, enabled to produce in large quantities, and at the lowest prices, goods beautiful in design and unsurpassed in finish, the fineness of which they guarantee to be of sterling purity, U. S. Mint assay. A certificate is issued with all articles in silver for the purpose of protecting purchasers from imitations of their designs.

They also continue to manufacture their well-known and unrivaled Nickel Silver Electro-Plated Ware, which will last twenty-five years with fair every-day usage.

Orders received from the Trade only; but these goods may be obtained from responsible dealers everywhere.

Trade Mark for Sterling. | Trade Mark for Electro-Plate. GORHAM MFG CO

The Gorham Ware

May be Obtained from

ADAMS, CHANDLER & Co.,

No. 20 John Street, New York.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

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No. 20 John street, New York.

SQUIRE & LANDER,

No. 97 Fulton st., New York, is the best place to buy reliable WATCHES, fine DIAMONDS, JEWELERY, and SILVER WARE. *Diamonds a specialty.*

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GUILFORD WATER,

The Great Remedy for

DYSPEPSIA

AND

Kidney Complaints,

WILL CURE

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

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THE CERTIFICATION OF CHECKS.

A CHECK, in the financial sense, is a written order for the payment of a given sum of money, addressed to a bank or banker, and made payable either to the holder or to the person whose name is specified in the body of the check. Though not money, and not identical with a paper currency, it practically performs the functions of money on a vast scale, especially in the great centers of trade. That it is an important convenience to all parties is shown by the extent of its use. Its basis is not that of temporary *credit* to the drawer, but that of actual *deposits* in his favor, payable at the pleasure of the depositor, and against which the check is a draft. The check system in connection with banks is therefore an incident that grows out of the deposit system. Where there are no deposits, or where the deposits are not adequate, the system is not applicable. To pay a draft in such a case is simply to *loan* money to the drawer, for the time being, without interest.

The *certification* of checks by banks drawn upon themselves is practically equivalent to their payment; and hence it ought to proceed upon the assumption of deposits equal to the amount of the check or checks so certified. Those who are engaged in commerce, and the ordinary forms of trade, seldom have occasion to use the certified check beyond the actual amount of their bank deposits. It is different with stock and gold speculators, whose transactions are so immense that they not only use certified checks to a large extent, but often need this certification when their deposits at the time are not sufficient to cover them. The New York banks (especially those whose customers are stock or gold speculators) have been in the habit of affording them this accommodation—paying their checks or certifying them even when their deposits are not equal to the amount drawn.

The last Congress saw fit to pass a law in reference to this subject, by which all the national banks are expressly forbidden to certify any checks drawn upon them except those drawn against *actual* deposits. We are inclined to regard the law as a good one. It places the check system in relation to banks upon its true basis, which is that of *deposits*, and not of *credit*. It is calculated (as evidently was intended to be the fact) somewhat to lessen the bank facilities for the enormous speculations of the Gold Room. The underlying theory of the law is right, and the end sought to be accomplished is a public good. At any rate, it is the law of the land; and for this reason it ought to be obeyed. Any evasion of the letter or spirit of this law on the part of the banks, whether by endorsing the check as "*accepted*" or by giving a bogus "*due bill*" to the customer, which he deposits with the bank giving it, and against which draws his check, or by any other contrivance which violates the clearly-expressed intention of Congress, ought to be followed by the penalty which the law prescribes. We have reason to suppose that some of the banks (how many we cannot tell) are amenable to this charge; and wherever such is the case we call upon the proper officers to inquire into the facts and execute the law. The banks are not the authoritative judges of the wisdom of the law. They are bound to obey it without evasion; and if they do not then the legal consequences ought to follow. We believe in law-abiding *banks* as well as in law-abiding *citizens*.

STATE DEBTS.

We present in the following table a synopsis of the debts of the several states of the American Union, as they stood at or near the close of 1868 and at the commencement of 1869, together with the population of these respective states:

	Population.	Debt.
New England States.		
1. Maine	625,000	$5,062,500 00
2. New Hampshire	340,000	2,000,000 00
3. Vermont	330,000	1,222,000 00
4. Massachusetts	1,260,000	29,335,000 00
5. Rhode Island	200,000	3,088,500 00
6. Connecticut	535,000	6,674,999 66
	3,490,000	$46,356,999 66
Middle States.		
	Population.	Debt.
7. New York	4,400,000	$44,258,794 40
8. New Jersey	900,000	3,196,100 00
9. Pennsylvania	3,202,000	33,300,855 65
10. Delaware	125,000	
11. Maryland	800,000	8,751,992 66
12. West Virginia	400,000	
	10,125,000	$90,119,731 71
Western States.		
	Population.	Debt.
13. Ohio	2,650,000	$10,523,075 43
14. Michigan	1,400,000	5,646,749 12
15. Indiana	1,750,000	1,785,083 34
16. Illinois	2,450,000	5,275,103 23
17. Wisconsin	1,100,000	2,300,000 00
18. Minnesota	400,000	500,000 00
19. Iowa	1,050,000	800,000 00
20. Nebraska	125,000	72,000 00
21. Kansas	330,000	1,091,175 00
22. Missouri	1,450,000	16,000,000 00
	12,350,000	$49,452,386 92
Southern States.		
	Population.	Debt.
23. Virginia	1,200,000	$42,315,073 03
24. North Carolina	1,050,000	13,269,945 00
25. South Carolina	700,000	5,401,246 97
26. Georgia	1,000,000	5,872,000 00
27. Florida	150,000	
28. Alabama	990,000	6,376,410 00
29. Mississippi	800,000	7,000,000 00
30. Louisiana	720,000	15,000,748 00
31. Texas	750,000	
32. Kentucky	1,270,000	3,619,191 46
33. Tennessee	1,050,000	24,549,307 00
34. Arkansas	500,000	3,483,279 10
	10,560,000	$138,868,200 00
Pacific States.		
	Population.	Debt.
35. California	600,000	$4,696,500 00
36. Nevada	100,000	
37. Oregon	80,000	176,156 50
	780,000	$4,872,656 50
Aggregate.		
	Population.	Debt.
1. New England States	3,490,000	$46,356,999 66
2. Middle States	10,125,000	90,119,731 71
3. Western States	12,350,000	49,452,386 92
4. Southern States	10,560,000	138,868,200 00
5. Pacific States	780,000	4,872,656 50
	37,015,000	$329,884,446 03

The debt of the New England States is $13.62 and a fraction *per capita*; of the Middle States, $8.90 and a fraction; of the Western States $4 and a fraction; of the Southern States $13.39 and a fraction; and of the Pacific States, $6.24 and a fraction. The New England States owe the largest amount in proportion to the population, and the Western States the smallest. The large state debts are those of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Missouri, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Ohio—making an aggregate of $240,767,499 as the debt of these nine states. The average of the total debt of all the states is $8.90 and a fraction *per capita*.

The national debt on the 1st of June, 1869, was $2,505,412,613, which is at the rate of $67.68 *per capita* for the whole United States. Add this to the debt of the states, and we have a debt of $76.58 *per capita* for the entire people.

The county debts of the State of New York amount to $88,603,018 90. If to this we add city debts in the same state, we should have an aggregate of more than $100,000,000. Add to this the county and city debts of all the other states, and the total result of national, state, county, and city indebtedness would not be less than $96 *per capita* for the whole country. This, in round numbers, is a debt of $3,200,000,000, as a taxable lien upon all the industry and property of the nation. At the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, it requires $192,000,000 to pay the annual interest on this debt, and $234,000,000 at the rate of 7 per cent. Who shall say that the rate of interest to be paid for the use of money is not a vital question to the whole people? High rates of interest make large public debts a very heavy burden to be borne.

THE GROWTH OF CHICAGO.

NEW YORK, San Francisco, and Chicago—two of them maritime, and the other inland—are or are to be the three great commercial cities of this country. They are the creatures of commerce; and hence their growth may be taken as an evidence of the extent and power of this commerce, and also the general thrift of the American people.

In illustration of this general thought, we submit the following table of statistics, showing the yearly increase of the population of Chicago since 1839—marking with a star those years in which the population is given by estimate:

	Population.		Population.
1839	50	1831*	34,000
1831	60	1832	38,734
1832	350	1833	60,652
1833*	1,800	1834	65,872
1834	3,265	1835	80,028
1835*	4,000	1836*	86,000
1836	4,179	1837*	90,000
1837*	4,000	1838*	80,000
1838*	4,200	1839*	90,000
1840	4,470	1840	109,000
1841	5,200	1841*	120,000
1842	6,500	1842	757,000
1843	7,580	1843*	140,000
1844*	8,000	1844	161,296
1845	12,088	1865	187,446
1846	14,169	1866	205,348
1847	16,859	1867*	220,000
1848	20,023	1868	260,000
1849	23,047		

This tabular statement presents a wonderful progress in the brief life of the rising City of the Lakes. In the first decade of years, from 1830 to 1840, the average annual increase was 443; in the second decade, from 1840 to 1850, it was 2,380; and in the third decade, from 1850 to 1860, it was 8,096. The progress of population is in an increasing ratio; and, if the same rate of advance shall continue to be maintained, then in 1870 the population of Chicago will be 370,000, in 1880 it will be 600,000, and in 1890 it will be 1,000,000; making Chicago a second New York, as it now is, in the number of its inhabitants. These figures are not extravagant, as is conclusively shown by the past growth of this city. Nor are they so if we consider the immense and rapidly-growing region stretching out in all directions, and rich in natural resources, that is pouring its elements of wealth into Chicago. The city, too, is the great center of a system of railroads—radiating east, west, north, and south—that must bring to it an increasing trade. Very soon the railroad line to San Francisco will be pouring the trade of Asia over the roads of which Chicago must always remain the great Western focus from the East, and the Eastern focus from the West. Its geographical position, in the heart of a rich country, supplemented by lakes and railroads, is a practical decree in favor of its indefinite expansion.

We contemplate this prospect with no little pleasure, especially so since the late war has settled the question that, for at least a long time to come, the American people are to be one people, living under one common government, and sharing in each other's prosperity. The traveler in England, by simply looking at her cities, will at once conclude that somewhere there must be an adjacent country of immense wealth and a people of corresponding thrift. This country, though comparatively young in years and recent in growth, is rapidly creating cities that will soon dispute the monetary and commercial supremacy of those of the Old World. The people are just the right sort of people to do this work; and they have, moreover, the requisite natural and artificial advantages for doing it well.

MONEY MARKET.

At a season of the year when our banks are usually suffering from a plethora of loanable funds, and the rates of interest rule very low, the markets are suffering from a phenomenal stringency of money, the cause of which appears to be something of a puzzle to a good many financiers. But there is no mystery about the matter. Our currency is hardly adequate to the actual needs of the country, and it is altogether inadequate to the growing commerce of the Union; and, unless some measures shall be taken when Congress again assembles, either to increase the amount or keep what we have constantly in circulation, the results to our mercantile prosperity will be deplorable. At the present time the Secretary of the Treasury is withdrawing currency by the sale of gold at the rate of a million and a half a week; and, as he has given the public no possible clue to his policy in continuing this substraction of the very life's blood of our commerce, it is very natural that some uneasiness should begin to be felt by our business men, and that they should be preparing to shorten sail while the possibility of financial squalls is impending. For our own part, we entertain no fears of Secretary Boutwell's policy. He is not likely to bring trouble upon our business community by indulging in any financial vagaries. Still we think it would be much better if he would let the people know precisely what course he intends to pursue, that they might govern themselves accordingly.

There was a severe pressure for a few days last week, which created a panic on the Stock Exchange, and caused some violent fluctuations in current values. Call loans were made at gold interest, and ½ per cent. added in some cases; but good borrowers found no difficulty in obtaining all the money they wanted at 7 per cent. Those who paid higher rates were the exceptional cases.

The bank statement for Monday is not calculated to inspire much confidence, though it is not so unfavorable as had been anticipated. The following table will show at a glance exactly how the banks stand the present week, as compared with other stated periods since the commencement of the year:

1869.	Deposits.	Loans.	Specie.	Leg. Ten.
Jan. 2	$180,490,145	$235,090,057	$20,736,122	$48,896,491
" 30	196,885,403	255,171,109	27,784,933	54,747,889
Feb. 6	196,092,700	254,993,761	27,670,414	50,467,123
" 27	183,316,175	261,371,897	26,832,676	50,935,664
Mar. 6	182,084,837	263,088,883	27,486,654	49,145,360
" 27	189,113,910	263,906,592	12,073,723	49,555,103
Apl. 3	175,325,700	261,928,625	10,577,993	48,406,339
" 24	177,340,040	257,458,074	8,850,380	53,677,893
May 1	183,948,565	260,435,160	9,267,853	56,466,722
" 22	189,414,909	261,376,962	15,420,484	57,858,258
" 29	203,055,800	274,958,461	17,871,326	57,810,373
June 5	199,194,042	275,819,859	15,661,163	58,260,429
" 12	188,886,208	277,982,735	19,053,580	50,859,258

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week were very blue days; the excitement in Broad Street was tremendous, and much distress was occasioned among weak operators on the Stock Exchange. The Mariposa stocks were most ruthlessly slaughtered, the Preferred selling down nearly 40 dollars a share in a few days, and the Common dropping to 4. Most of the other stocks sympathized to a certain degree in the raid upon Mariposa; Michigan Southern being the most violently shaken, because it had experienced the most rapid and unsubstantial advance. But Government Securities were hardly affected by the convulsion, and Pacific Mail stood the shock unmoved. New York Central fell off ten per cent. in the face of a most favorable statement, which ought to have sent it up four or five per cent. But by Saturday the earthquake had subsided and the reaction commenced. New York Central recovered all it had lost, and sold at 192½. Old Southern, though, hung fire. On Monday the rise was sustained, and Pacific Mail jumped up to 94, Mariposa Preferred to 19 and the Common to 11. The Northwest shares were firm and the market was strong until near the close of the day, when another collapse began. The Treasury sale of a million of gold was made at 136.13½ to 139.29. The price of gold fell on Tuesday to 138½.

All the reports of the earnings of the Western roads for May and June show large gains, the business of the Chicago and N. W. roads in particular; but the gross earnings of the St Louis, Alton, and Terre Haute roads in particular, perhaps, is in the greatest pro rata gain, perhaps, is in the earnings of the St Louis, Alton, and Terre Haute.

The New York Central has declared the 4 per cent. semi-annual dividend on the stock, and the 80 per cent. scrip, payable in August; but before the dividend is payable the scrip will have been converted into stock, and the consolidation of the road have been effected with the Hudson River. The committees for consolidation have been appointed, and will soon have their first meeting, when the terms of consolidation will be made known. What they will be can only be surmised at present; but it is certain that they will not be unfavorable for Central, and it is confidently supposed that twenty per cent. will be added to the 80 per cent. certificates, so as to double the present capital of the company, upon which an 8 per cent. dividend can be paid with ease. But the apprehensions of a further loss of currency has made speculative operators for a rise very cautious; and appearances are for the present altogether favorable for the "bears," who do not show any great anxiety to cover their short sales.

CREDIT IN EUROPE.

MORTON, BLISS & Co., Bankers, 30 Broad street, New York, issue letters of credit to travelers going abroad, available in any part of Europe. Each of the members of this highly respectable firm are well and favorably known in commercial circles throughout the country, and also in all the principal cities in Europe. We have been acquainted with them personally, as merchants, for many years; and believe their honorable career has won them a fortune in the confidence and friendly interest of a host of friends, who do and will rejoice at their prosperity in this their *comparatively* new and attractive field. With ample means to render them independent of financial fluctuations and changes, they offer their services as domestic and foreign bankers to all parties needing a reliable agency.

DRY GOODS.

IT was very evident at the close of last month that the market for domestic cottons had reached a point of depression where any considerable movement toward purchasing, or stocking up for future operations, would inevitably cause an advance of prices. The rate at which the raw material was selling would not admit of a profit to the manufacturers; and, the stock in first hands of standard fabrics being small, compared with the ordinary supply at this season of the year, a rise in prices seemed a sure thing. Since then the prices of cotton has advanced, and the large dealers in shirtings and sheetings, foreseeing a rise, have commenced stocking up, and the consequence has been an advance of a half to a cent a yard in most of the standard makes. The movement has been very well distributed, and a considerable degree of activity has prevailed in the market for the whole week; causing, as a natural consequence, a general tendency to higher rates in every description of domestic goods.

In unbleached shirtings and sheetings the demand has been rather more active than in any other descriptions of goods, and purchasers appear to have a very confident feeling that prices are going higher. The heavy jobbers are mostly "bulls" in unbleached cottons, to adopt the phraseology of the Stock Exchange, and evince a decided willingness to be long in sheetings. Standard makes are full half a cent higher than last week's quotations. Nothing short of a very tight money market is likely to cause a depression.

The advance in bleached shirtings and sheetings has not been quite so marked as in unbleached fabrics; but it has been about half a cent a yard in medium and low grades, while some of the best makes have undergone but little change from our last week's quotations. The purchases, however, have been large; and the stock in first hands has been so sensibly reduced that a further advance seems highly probable.

There has been considerable animation in the demand for printing-cloths in the gray, and the transactions have been large at advancing prices. The stock in first hands is limited, and we hear of sales being made at 9 cents for 64 square standard quality.

Prints are rather unsettled at this transition period, when the dark patterns are not in full supply and the light styles are beginning to disappear. But the tendency to improved prices is very marked, and when the new Fall styles are put upon the market an advance may pretty surely be counted on. At present the prices are about half a cent higher than they were last week.

Ginghams are in good demand, and the supply of favorite makes is not more than up to the needs of the market. Prices are firm.

Printed lawns sell readily at firm prices, and the demand for percales continues good.

Rolled jaconets continue in active demand. The stock in first hands is very much reduced, and prices are firmer with a tend being higher. But an advance is not improbable, as there is an actual scarcity of certain colors.

Cambrics are in better request, and prices are firmer, if not positively higher. An active business has been done during the week in black and assorted colors.

Silesias are rather more active, but without any material change of prices.

Muslin de laines are without special change. The season is not favorable, and the demand is very limited.

Woolens have improved considerably and an increased activity has stimulated purchases. Prices are better, particularly for cloths. A fair business has been done in coatings. But manufacturers still complain of low prices, and a further improvement is looked for with much anxiety.

Cassimeres are in a little better request, but without any material improvement of prices.

Satinets are in steady demand for heavy weights and prices are firm.

Very little is doing in foreign goods, the transactions being mostly limited to sales of thin goods and silks adapted to the Summer season of early. Prices rule low. The sales at auction are on a very moderate scale, and the importations have largely fallen off.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—Western and State Flour during the past week has met with a very active trade, chiefly confined to shipping extras; these have been the chief feature in advance. The receipts of No. 2 and Superfine have been large, and with only a limited demand prices have declined. Sour has been in fair demand at $5 50@$5 75, chiefly for export. We have had a fair inquiry for good shipping Extra State, for delivery the latter part of this month, at $6 10@$6 15, cash. Sales of 8 to 10,000 bbls. At the close the market is dull, and with larger receipts prices show a decline on all grades. In Wheat we have had a brisk demand for Spring Wheat for export, and at variable prices. We find our stock of Spring is extremely limited, but with liberal arrivals in prospect most holders are disposed to meet the demand promptly, calling a further decline in freights. The exports of the week have been 559,893 bush., against 105,882 bush. the corresponding week last year. At the close the market is active and is better, the demand chiefly for export, and largely confined to Spring to arrive. Rye has been only in moderate demand, owing to the firmness of holders. Oats have been active and firm-er, but close heavy and lower. Indian Corn has arrived less freely. Sound cargoes have sold promptly at much higher prices, in part taken for Glasgow and Liverpool. Old has attracted less attention, but is better. The exports of the week have been 30,061 bush., against 159,616 bush. the corresponding period last year. At the close the market is dull and unsettled.

COFFEE.—The demand for Rio has been less active, and mainly for such lots as were required by the immediate wants of the jobbing trade. Prices show no important variation, but lack strength, and very little pressure to realise would cause a decline. The stock large and increasing. West India grades are quiet, but have sold freely at full figures and is now held higher. We quote at about 9½@11¼ cts. for fair to good Rio, in bond; 15½@17½ cts. for invoices do., duty paid; 24@25½ cts. for Java; 16@19 cts. for Maracaibo; and 16@18 cts. for Laguayra—all gold.

COTTON.—Exporters have found themselves entirely without margins, and taken nothing except a few small parcels on speculative account; but from spinners and for investment the demand has continued very active, and prices show a further decided improvement for all grades. The stock here is greatly reduced, and the remaining parcels are offered so sparingly that conditions are made with much difficulty. The prevailing values are drawing cotton in this direction to a more liberal extent, but nearly all accounts agree that the amount in the country is small; and, should the consumptive demand continue as brisk as at present for many weeks, it is not improbable that we shall be obliged to import from Liverpool. Most of the foreign markets are quiet but pretty firm. For future delivery there has been some inquiry, mostly for the winter months, at 24@25 cts. for Low Middling. At the close the demand is brisk, the offerings small, and the market somewhat excited at about 32½ cts. for Middling Uplands to 33@33¼ cts. for do. New Orleans and Texas.

FLAX.—The supply of Prime is light, and the market is firmer. Sales of Common to Choice at 15@26 cts., the latter for Choice North River. Green Tow is selling at 2¼@3¼ cts., and Spinning do. at 5½@7¼ per lb., cash.

GUANO.—The demand has proved limited, but the market is steady for Peruvian. Sales in small lots at $85 per ton, currency.

MOLASSES.—There has been a moderate trade doing, mostly with refiners. Prices are without any decided change, but rather weak, owing to the better assorted and more liberally-offered supplies of the upper grades. Common stock is entirely neglected and nominal. We quote Cuba Clayed at 49@52 cts.; do. Muscovado, 52@60 cts.; Porto Rico, 55@65 cts.; English Island, 50@70 cts.; New Orleans, 75@85 cts.

PROVISIONS.—Holders have remained quite firm throughout the greater portion of the week under review, and have succeeded in advancing values to some extent on many of the leading articles, without drawing out any increased offerings. Mess Pork early in the week was somewhat depressed, but a slight increase of the demand subsequently gave holders of the small and easily controlled stock much advantage, and prices were rapidly advanced. Prime Mess has recovered from the late depression, and is now very firmly held. Other kinds in fair jobbing demand and values sustained. At the close the demand is fair and prices steady at $32 50@$32 62½ for Mess; $31 75@$32 for City Ice-house Mess; $25 75@$26 87½ for Prime; $26@$26 25 for Extra Prime, and $28 25@$28 50 for Western Prime Mess. For future delivery the business has been fair, the latest sales at $32 62½@$32 75, buyer June; $33 12½, buyer, July; $33 62½, seller July. Beef continues very dull, the demand calling for only job parcels, and prices remain nominally as before. We quote at $8@$12 for Plain Mess, and $12@$17 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef is neglected and heavy, but still quoted at about $20@$25 for Prime Mess, and $25@$30 for Extra Mess. Beef Hams have been rather dull, with about former rates remaining current. We quote at $20@$27 for Southern, and $28@$32 for Western. Cut-meats have been fairly active, and prices unsettled; but at the close the market rather stronger. We quote at 13@13¾ cts. for Shoulders, 15@16 cts. for Pickled Hams, and 18½@19½ cts. for Bagged and Pickled-cured Hams. Bacon immediately following our last fell off a trifle in price, but has since ruled very firm on a good demand, and is again working upward. We quote Ice-cured at 17@17½ cts. per lb., according to cut. Lard on the spot has been very dull, the main business being in small lots of City as wanted by refiners; but prices have advanced, and ruled quite firm, especially on really prime Steam, which is scarce. At the close the market is quiet but steady at 17¾@18 cts. for No. 1, 15@15½ cts. for City, 19½@20 cts. for Steam, and 20@20½ cts. for Kettle Rendered. For future delivery there has been considerable activity, the market closing firm at about 20 cts., sellers' option either July or August.

SEEDS.—Only a limited demand for Clover Seed at 13@14 cts. Timothy Seed is quiet at $3 75@$4 per bush. Rough Flax Seed is dull at $2 50@$2 55 per bush. Calcutta Seed is selling at $2 15 per bush., gold.

SUGARS.—Trade in Raws has been moderate, and only to supply immediate wants of grocers and refiners; and with fair arrivals the stock is further increased. Holders, however, remain firm, offer lightly, and former rates have been current throughout the greater portion of the week, though the close is rather heavy at 11⅝@11¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 12@12⅜ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 12¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined close at 15¾@15¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed, with a light business doing.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	13¾@14	13¾@14
First quality	12½@13¼	12½@13
Second quality	11¾@12¼	11¾@12¼
Third quality	11¼@11¾	11¼@11¾
Inferior	10 @11¼	12 @11¼
Average of all sales about	@12¼	@12½

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	@$90 00	@$90 00
Good	70@ 80	70@ 85
Fair	55@ 65	55@ 65
Inferior and Common	35@ 50	45@ 50

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	11¼@ 12¾	11 @12
Good	9 @ 11	9 @10¾
Common	8 @ 8¾	8 @ 8¾
Inferior	5 @ 7¾	5 @ 7¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice, per lb.	7¾@ 7¾	7¾@ 7¾
Extra	6¾@ 7¼	6¾@ 7¼
Good	5¾@ 6¾	6 @6¾
Fair	5 @5¾	5 @5¾
Common	4 @4¾	4½@4¾
Extra Lambs	13 @13½	13 @14
Good	10½@11¾	11 @12
Common to Fair	9 @10	9 @10

SWINE.

Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed 9¾@10¾	12¾@13¼

GENERAL REMARKS.

The supply of Beef Cattle the past week has been more liberal and of very good quality. The demand has been active and the market irregular. Prices generally are lower, but close firm, on account of a reduction in the stock. Milch Cows remain dull and prices heavy. Sheep and Lambs the week were in active demand, owing to the small supply. Prices improved; but later the market became dull and weak, closing with a downward tendency, prices showing a decline. Lambs were in good demand, prices show a decline; but the market is steady at the close. Swine have arrived more freely, but not in excess of the demand. Prices have advanced and close firm, especially choice stock.

THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

of the ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND, AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY pay principal and interest—1st February and 1st August—in GOLD COIN, *free of Government Tax.*

We recommend these bonds as one of the best-secured and most profitable investments on the market.

Pamphlets, with maps, giving full information, sent on application.

HENRY CLEWS & CO., Bankers,
No. 32 Wall Street.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, June 14, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W.	15	Lowell	10
Merrimack, D	12¾	Wamsutta	15¾
Cocheco, L	11¾	Victory	10
Sprague	12¾	Watergan	11¾
Pacific	13¾	Arnold	10
Amerioan	13	Hamilton	13½
Dunnells	13½	Richmond	12
Allens	12	Mourning	11
Manchester	13	Lancaster	13
Freemans	10	Oriental	12
Nassau	11¾		

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	13¾
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	12¾
Caledonia	14	Glasgow	16

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	15¾	Pocasset	11¾
Lawrence, C	13¾	"	12
" E	12¾	Pepperell, F	15¾
" G	11¾	" R	14¾
" H	10¾	" B	12¾
Pacific Extra	14¾	"	11¾
" A	13¾	"	10¾
Atlantic, A	16	"	10¾
" H	14	Boot, R	13
Superior	14¾	" H	11¾
Shawmut, C	13¾	Appleton, A	15¾
Augusta, F	12¾	Laconia	16¾
"	11¾	"	13
Massachusetts	14¾	Lyman, E	15¾
" BB	13¾	" C	14
"	12¾	"	11
Indian Head	16	Utica	14
Exeter, A	14¾	Uncasville	13¾
"	13¾	Indian Orchard, A	14¾
Medford	15	"	13¾
Augusta	14	"	12¾
"	13	Great Falls, H	13¾
Gilbert	14¾	"	12¾
Hamilton, A	13¾	"	11¾
Kennebec	14	Cabot, A	14
Everett, A	14	"	13
Shannon	14	Dwight, A	14¾
Bedford, R	13¾	"	13¾
Conesto Co. E	14		

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills	25	Dwight	14
Wamsutta	22¾	Ballou & Son	14¾
"	21	"	13¾
Tuscarora	21	Lonsdale	12½
Williamsville	21	"	11½
Hope	17¾	Cambric	22½
White Rock	17¾	Hill	14
Forestdale	16¾	"	13
Indian River, X	19¾	Bartlett	14